JOHN BULL 2d
VOL. LXX 1841

WHAT IS JAPAN'S GAME? by A. G. G.

MORE LETTERS FROM THE TROOPS

MAKE IT A DAY! By The EDITOR

We could lose the war by Fire! Be ready for FIREBOMB FRITZ

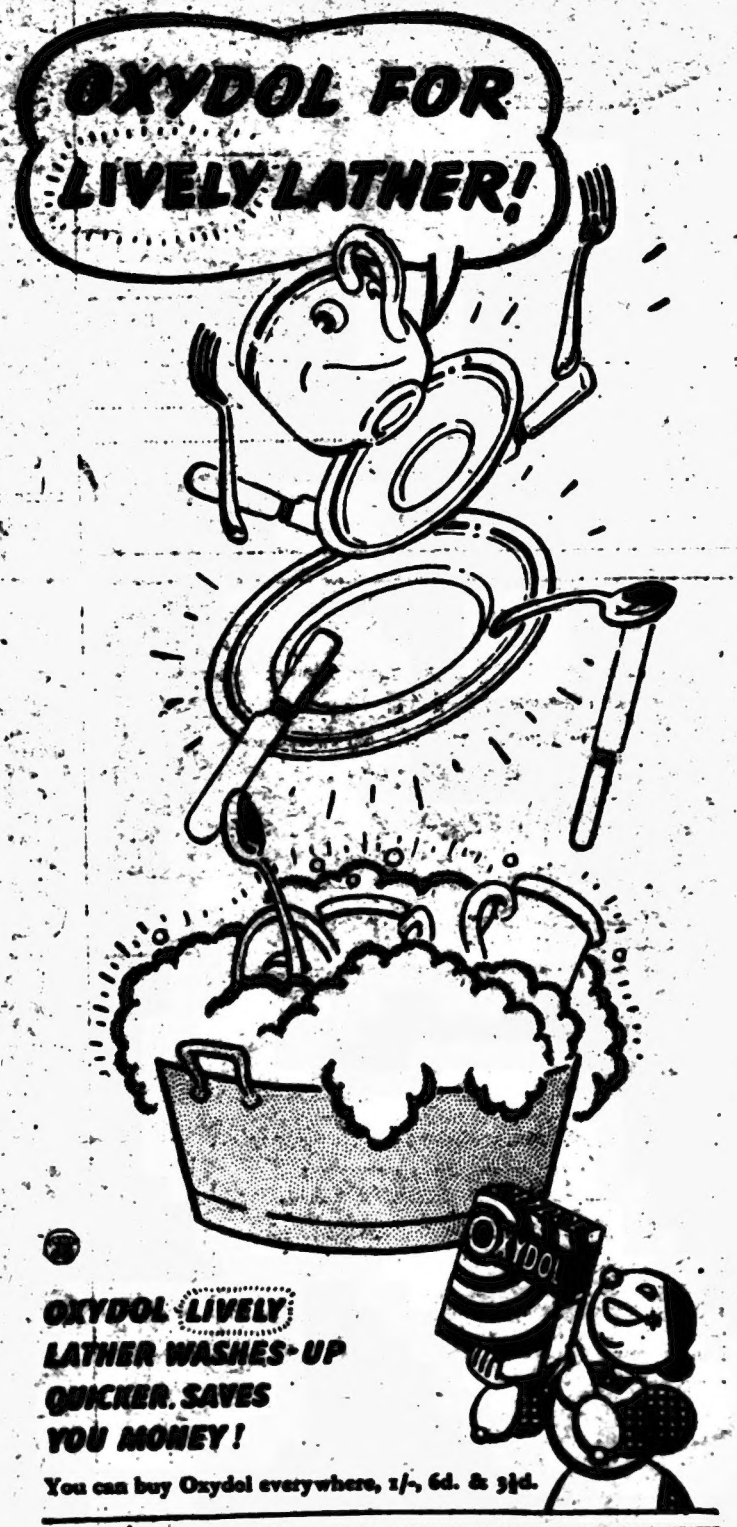
We could lose the war by fire! *We could. But we WON'T.* We men and women of Britain's Fire Guard will see to that. Fire Guard work is often dull. Sometimes it's dangerous. But it's work that's got to be done. So we put into it every ounce of enthusiasm we've got. We watch unceasingly! We train till we're *really* good! We know all the awkward places and how to get there. We won't be caught off guard as Firebomb Fritz will find.

FIRE GUARD TIPS. No. 2

It's not the firebomb that's important as a rule but the fire it starts. Deal with that fire first of all.

BRITAIN SHALL NOT BURN!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY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OXYDOL LIVELY LATHER WASHES-UP QUICKER. SAVES YOU MONEY!
You can buy Oxydol everywhere, 1/-, 6d. & 3½d.
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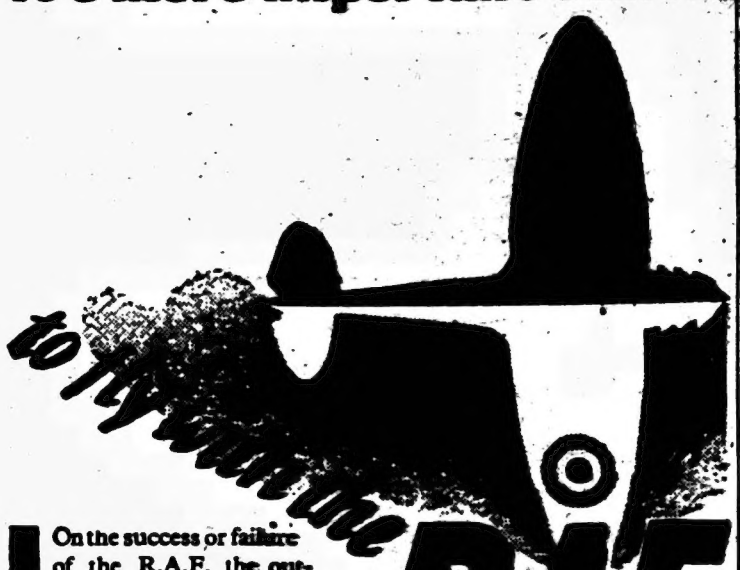
It's more important still...



On the success or failure of the R.A.F. the outcome of the war will largely depend. Your job may be reserved, but if you are fit and under 33 flying with the R.A.F. is almost certainly more important still! VOLUNTEER TO-DAY. Age limits — 31 for Pilots, 33 for Observers (41 for Observers with special qualifications).

Reserved men can be released for flying duties.

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me latest leaflet, giving details of Flying Service in the R.A.F.

AGE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS

JB/27/9

DAZZLING WINDOWS 3 TIMES QUICKER

I SHAKE WINDOLENE ONTO A DAMP CLOTH
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, GIVE A QUICK POLISH—AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

This is the way to make windows sparkle like diamonds! No waiting to splash on carpets—no more hard rubbing. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and fly-marks—gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's economical, too. Get it from your grocer or ironmonger, and see what a new sparkle it brings to your windows and mirrors.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BLUEBELL POLISH CO., LONDON, W.C.2 (RECKITT & SONS)

"Soap and Water Girls"

HERE, DARLING, with the water and the face of an angel.

It's hard to get film stars these days, but don't worry. We can still have the beauty [illegible] complexions lovely!

This luxury soap is, of course, Lux Toilet Soap. 9 out of 10 film stars choose this soap because it has an action lather that sinks into the pores, lifts and flushes out every trace of dust and dirt. No wonder film star complexions are always so lovely!

By the way, we are doing our best to see that you get your Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Please remember that, if you should find your shop temporarily out of stock.

A LEVER PRODUCT

"Nicholas Nickleby and Smike . . . rattled on through the crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly-burning lamps . . ."

GOOD LIGHT
Characterised by Mazda

Nicholas didn't know London and our other cities at their brightest; we who did, look forward fervently to the return of those splendid lights. For good light is very cheering. That is why good light is so essential in our homes now it has gone from our streets. And, with Mazda Lamps, the best light is so inexpensive.

MAZDA

COILED-COIL LAMPS

The Nation's Light

Use—

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It keeps boots fighting fit

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They [illegible]. 2. They promote sturdy growth: strengthen the bones and teeth: prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA gives you an extra supply of Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 27, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

SEWER RATS

● **Firing squads in Oslo. In Paris. In Belgrade.**

Norwegian trade union leaders executed because proud Scandinavian workers dare to be discontented.

French Communists shot for no other reason than that they are prominent enough to make good hostages.

Poles massacred after farcical "trials." Executions everywhere in Nazi-dominated Europe.

How to stop it?

It is no good threatening Hitler, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Ley and scores like them.

They know already what defeat will bring to them from millions crying out for vengeance. That is why they are so desperate.

We must warn the underlings who carry out these murders.

Mock judges. *Gestapo* agents who cook the evidence—everybody participating in these murders should be told that on and after a certain date the excuse "higher orders" will no longer be accepted.

We should warn the few neutral countries into which these criminals might escape that neither ourselves nor the oppressed countries will permit them to give asylum to these gangsters.

Rats have their runways. We must close the runways of these foulest of all rats.

It is the least we can do for the thousands of potential victims of the Nazi murder gangs.

Straight from the Shoulder

LET US BE BOLD!

IN his newest thrust Hitler reveals his plan. Leningrad was never as important to him as he pretended.

Don't let us be deceived by feints, however big-scale.

It is Caucasian oil he wants—and he has seven weeks in which to get it.

Not Too Fantastic

Prime Minister Fadden's view that the respite Russia has given us may be nearer its end than we think, has shocked Australia.

But it isn't TOO fantastic. Russia needs all our help to hold those oilfields.

Losing them won't mean losing everything. But she will become five times more dependent on us than she is now.

Burnt Fingers

What shall we do in those fateful seven weeks? Rely on "scorched earth" tactics?

The Red Army is four-fifths dependent on Caucasian oil.

We — and America — will have to replace every. fost-gallon.

No, we must beat him with boldness.

Burma Road

We must be bold enough to ring Persia with steel.

We've behaved there like twittering tourists after our first bold stroke in seizing the place.

We came near to forgetting that it is Russia's Burma Road!

Along that Burma Road we must pour tanks, technicians, shells, bombs—everything she wants.

"Slow Turn" Again!

The quicker we land the stuff at Persian Gulf ports the quicker we can get it through.

"S.O.S." messages from there say so many American munition ships arrive that we can't turn them quickly enough.

Then we must borrow hefty soldiers.

We must be bold enough to deal with our own military obstructionists.

Speed! Courage!

It may be that it might be advisable to send a British Army along that Burma Road.

Better to meet the enemy on the right side of the Caucasian oilfields, with our great Ally beside us, than in Persia, with him lungeing towards India, and with our great Ally badly mauled.

We mustn't be afraid of swift, bold strokes.

When Crooks Meet

What if we fail to meet total war methods with total war methods—and Russia loses the oilfields?

Hitler will then conduct a winter campaign in countries where winter campaigning is possible.

You don't think he met his lap-dog Musso, on the Russian front to discuss the help the Italians can give against the Soviet?

Poison Snakes

They may plan to strike towards India.

So let us learn the lesson of Persia—and strike quickly in Afghanistan.

There are plenty of Nazi snakes hidden there, and we must be bold enough, this time, to see that the poison-spitting variety doesn't escape, as in Persia.

Just the Place

Besides, it may be Turkey's turn sooner than we think.

Afghanistan would then be just the place for anyone wanting to stab us in the back.

We quite expect to hear that the Grand Mufti, who has dodged us again, has turned up there.

Our Pest

It was through our timorousness that the Grand Mufti has kept out of our clutches for two years. He is always one jump ahead of us.

He should be behind British bolts and British bars. The Nazi-minded Shah, too.

He has gone where he can do us most hurt—in comparative freedom!

Hitler Fears Us

Then we could help Russia by striking in Libya—quick, hard!

He fears *us* there. And our Middle East troops are bursting to mop him up.

Hitler wants the lull to continue out there—until he has got Russia's oil. Until Russia (as he hopes) is beaten.

On to Africa!

He plans to fight for North Africa, then.

And to sweep through Africa to get Atlantic bases.

HE MUST HAVE ATLANTIC BASES.

America Badgers Him

He has his eye on Ferrol, Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, the Azores, Madeira, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Isles, Casablanca, Dakar.

He can't continue the Battle of the Atlantic unless he gets them, or many of them.

America is helping to make the North Atlantic untenable for him. So he looks south.

Another Clue

His Spanish *Gestapo* H.Q. has been moved to the Portuguese frontier.

Why? Just one more evidence that he seeks a move south.

The hotter the pursuit of a pirate, the more sea space he needs, the more hide-outs.

Frontier Activity

Spain has pushed a monster steel bridge into France at Hendaye, capable of carrying the heaviest guns.

Miles of wide-gauge Spanish railroads creep into French territory. There are hundreds of Spanish trucks parked on the French side.

All roads to Gibraltar are being repaired.

Watch French Africa!

Spain cuts down civilian petrol consumption drastically, at a time when (foolishly, we think) the State Department at Washington permits Spanish tankers to sail from Texas for Bilbao, Santander, Malaga.

French Africa gets supplies, too: is laying in big stocks.

More clues as to Hitler's ambitions—based on his dream of getting Russia's oil.

Freeze Their Ardour

Seven weeks in which to save those precious oilfields from his grasp.

Then most of these plans will represent wasted effort.

Those of his troops who taste the horrors of a Russian winter will have some of the filibustering frozen out of them, will long to get back to mother.

Morning Ritual

We must make the best of those weeks.

Cabinet Ministers should ask themselves every day: "Are we doing so?" It should be as regular as a morning exercise.

The British public will be with them while they are bold.

If they fail through lack of courage, confidence in them will be shaken.

Make It Snappy!

Let them make no mistake—the public thinks we haven't done enough for Russia.

We thank our fine pilots for their continuous *blitz* of Germany—but that's long-term planning.

And sinking three times as many Axis ships as they've sunk of ours is remarkable—but that is to counter invasion. So that's long-term planning, too.

Seven weeks; remember. We want bold short-term planning to help Russia save herself.

Banish Black-Out Blues

The boldness must spread to our factories, arsenals and workshops.

We must even abolish the black-out if it is going to speed up production.

We could always switch off the lights again when we knew for sure the bombers were coming.

Problem

People ask: "If our admittedly big Army can't beat the Nazi over-forties left to defend the Occupied Countries, whenever will they be able to face the full might of the German Army?"

We say: "It's easy to talk of full-scale invasion if the responsibility isn't yours."

But we maintain that we should have done something.

Inertia

For just think: Three months of the bitterest fighting Europe has ever known, and not one War Office European communiqué!

Millions of German troops were withdrawn from the Occupied Countries—mainly from France—without loss.

Couldn't we have badgered them?

(Continued overleaf)

STOP FRONT DOOR SUMMONSES

● **In a Hertfordshire village a JOHN BULL representative saw a document nailed to a cottage door.**

The little home had no front garden. The paper was there for everybody to read.

It was a County Court summons for rent.

It had been nailed exactly six inches over the letter-box.

To this cottage walked the two residents, mother and daughter.

The mother is a widow. Her soldier husband died fighting for Britain.

The daughter has been a semi-invalid since war nursing proved too much for an already weak heart.

So they walked very slowly.

They came to the document. The effects were painful to watch.

The daughter cried out, rushed into the open country.

The mother, too stunned to follow at once, found her after two hours of distracted search.

Now whether that rent was owed or not does not concern us.

That is for the Hertfordshire County Court judge to decide.

But we maintain most strongly that "front door summonses," whether or not they are necessary in peace-time, ought to be put into cold storage for the duration of the war.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"SPEED! Speed! we tell the men who are building the aerodromes.

Men had just finished putting up the huts at one site when they were told to take them down again. That done, to put them up again.

Then, as they were making headway: "Stop! We'll have them somewhere else."

Idle Prisoners

"Speed!" we exhort the farmers. "Give us Sunday work."

And we need it badly, too.

Yet Italian prisoners of war, harvesting against time, and willing to work seven days a week if suitably encouraged, spend their Sundays idling about their camps.

Non-Co-operation

Speed, indeed!

Lorries arrived for a new Royal Ordnance factory some weeks before they were needed.

The management refused to lend them to another Royal Ordnance factory, working full time, that needed them badly for ten days or so.

And when fitters are absent from another munition factory their mates are encouraged to take the day off!

Wrong Tools

Tiny concreting outfits, suitable for patching park pathways, are sent to places where it is necessary to cement huge areas to a depth of 4 ft.

Giant ones, sometimes. And then, because there is no provision for clearing top-soil, trees, etc., at the same speed, they are ineffective.

Somebody is trying to win this war by 1961!

Hedging for Defeat

Bridgwater Council has been fighting all summer to get a 2½-acre sports ground for allotments. Eighty eager would-be Diggers for Victory have been waiting to start business.

Now, belatedly, the Ministry of Agriculture says the council can't have it.

Somebody isn't trying to win this war at all!

Mad-House News

Here's more mad-house news.

A JOHN BULL representative was talking to the chief tester of a London car firm when a Royal Ordnance officer entered.

He performed a mock faint on seeing the spare parts piled high. Then explained.

Too Many Spares

He had Army cars idle for want of those spares. He had indented in vain.

The higher Army authorities said the parts were very hard to get.

He was told: "We could drop half our spares in the Thames and still have sufficient to service Army *and* civilians through a ten-year war."

Dog-in-the-Manger

A reader tried at twenty garages to get a spare for a 1922 baby car; failed.

He visited the factory; saw hundreds.

Was refused one on the grounds that military needs came first—although those parts fitted the 1922 model only, and the Army doesn't use such old crocks.

"Sorry," said the manufacturer. "We're told we mustn't let them go."

Government Hoarders

Naturally, military needs come first—although, remember, doctors, midwives, district nurses are civilians.

But Government mandarins have been hoarding spares, especially wireless parts, like misers hoarding string.

Now, alarmed because hundreds of thousands wouldn't hear an invasion warning if one were broadcast, they're going to let us get our sets going again.

Black Beauties

One expects restriction in war time. Cheerfully, our leading manufacturers of beauty preparations accepted that they must cut production to 25 per cent.

Now more beauty preparations are being made than ever before. Nameless brands. Rubbish. At scarcity price—double price.

No invoices, no book records, no income tax, no purchase tax. Our black friends of the black market win again.

Plain Cheating

Board of Trade must ascertain where they are getting raw materials—must close the sources.

And let them watch some of the retail chemists.

Many tell you they can't supply oils and waxes you should be able to buy for medicinal purposes for a few coppers.

They are making beauty preparations of them, and making shillings instead. And it's plain cheating.

Blissful Ignorance

So the licensing of share-dealers has again been postponed six months. For two years the Board of Trade has been putting it off.

Excuse: "There's not likely to be any share-wangling in war time."

O blissful Board! Let it speak to the banks, find out how the sharks, battening on enthusiasm for our Allies, are catching the mugs with worthless Czarist shares.

Strange Talk

Which reminds us that we heard a pacifist speaker who still maintains that this is a "capitalist war."

Started by Nazi capitalists? Oh, no. Apparently the capitalists have picked on the nice Germans.

Strange talk with hundreds of thousands of Russian boys dying to defend their ideal.

Nazi Profiteers

Fact is that German munition firms are making profits which make our worst war profiteers look like penny-snatchers.

Vacha Cable Works trebles value of its shares in a stroke. Varel Works multiplies share-value by nine, and still pays 54 per cent.

One hundred per cent. dividends common. But no more for workers, and all bargaining rights gone.

So Nazi leaders wax fat in defending themselves against wicked Russian and British capitalists.

"What 'Varsity!"

Proud Air Ministry informs us that Yankee boy with guts crossed the Atlantic three times to get training as R.A.F. flier—has got his way.

He has been railway hand, timekeeper, lorry driver, we are told.

Excellent. But how a St. Pancras porter with the same ambitions would quail when they boomed: "What 'Varsity?" at him.

Sad Little Muddle

But we won't be hard with the Air Ministry about this:

Relatives of a Canadian airman wanted a photograph of his funeral. Photographer came under the "no photographs near an R.A.F. establishment ban."

Trunk calls to get permission—but it came too late. A sad little muddle which should never be repeated, but which was not due to heartlessness.

Another Mix-Up

Big salaries are paid to the men who think great things out.

As they are to the brass-hats who decide that £1 5s. 2d. a week shall be spent on a soldier billeted on strangers, £1 1s. 7d. on a man billeted on his own wife

A.T.S. girl living with her husband gets the "stranger" rate!

Muscle Maketh Man

Incidentally, girls in uniform get 2 lb. 3 oz. of meat weekly—navvies just over 1 lb.

We wouldn't rob these girls of a single mutton chop.

But it's about time the Ministry of Food realised that muscles take some keeping up.

Sauce for the Goose—

Well, junior officers have got a better deal at last—although the Treasury opposed it.

Now the Labour Party is trying to get a better deal for the wives and children of "other ranks."

Treasury still opposes, should be given another swift upper-cut.

—Sauce for the Gander

Labour suggests a minimum of 26s. a week for a wife, 8s. 6d. a week for each child.

Let Treasury wives and Treasury children try it.

Their husbands won't dare to say it is a penny too much.

Query!

Belfast reader tells us he crosses and recrosses the border with impunity, seeking Eire butter.

Nobody stops him. Nobody asks what he has got.

"What about spies?" he asks us. We pass the question on.

Forgotten Hero

From another reader we hear that her husband arrived home eleven weeks ago in odd assortment of old clothes, penniless. His ship (Merchant Service) had been bombed.

Wires, letters, personal calls haven't yielded a farthing due to him. Family is borrowing round the district.

Now neighbours are fitting him up for another voyage to bring *our* food.

Waste Makes Weapons

You can help him if the muddle-heads can't.

Every bone, rag, fragment of metal, paper or food will make safer his life and the lives of his pals.

Do your best for the great salvage drive. And keep it up.

We've seen some of the tanks and guns that have come from waste. They make you feel proud of a well-managed dustbin.

Behind the News

● Chronic shortage of crews for Axis shipping since Allied offensive developed has resulted in formation of Gestapo pressgangs in occupied countries to "shanghai" river boatmen far from seaports into service.

● *Disorganisation of Western European traffic by R.A.F. is far greater than originally expected. Major Nazi problem now is to supply spares, and increased cost of transport delays is estimated at more than £2,000,000 daily.*

● **Another direct result of R.A.F. damage to transport is the cutting down of important passenger trains. Sixty-seven express daily services have been abolished, and most rail journeys are strictly rationed.**

● New Nazi war factories built in Austria or transferred to escape R.A.F. attacks are showing very poor output. Disillusioned workers forcibly separated from wives and families are mainly responsible.

● *Through shortage of fodder and agricultural sabotage in occupied countries only young children, nursing mothers and heavy industrial workers are allowed unskimmed milk. Rest of the population have either that or ersatz.*

● **Since their disastrous eastern front losses no Nazi leader except Dr. Ley has dared to show his face in public, and Ley (heavily guarded) only appears to give short "pep" talks. Two attempts on his life have been reported since July.**

● Jail is now punishment for Germans using private cars or taxis except under special permit, granted only for most urgent national war duty. Cause—not so much shortage of petrol, but of lubricants and rubber for tyres.

● *New evacuation schemes have been completed throughout Germany. Rumour is that they have been ordered to follow English plans as closely as possible.*

● **How severely Hitler's armies have been hit by the Russians is shown by latest call-up for actual active service of all men up to 55 who are not suffering from congenital disease. Only exemptions allowed are special war workers whose work cannot possibly be done by women.**

● Nazi propaganda scoffing at heavy British taxation carefully hides that all German incomes over £1 a week are taxed at source up to 25 per cent., exclusive of compulsory "subscriptions" to party and winter relief funds, etc., another 20 per cent.

● *Central European harvest can now be estimated accurately. It is 23 per cent. below normal where it can be gathered at all, as in the Reich, Italy, France, etc.; 85 per cent. below expectations in Jugo-Slavia, 40 per cent. in Greece, and 30 per cent. in Czecho-Slovakia. Most of this decline is directly due to obstructionism.*

They Gave Us To-morrow—

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the Editor

NAZI leaders have latterly been telling the German people that they must make up their minds to a long war.

All along we have been warned to expect nothing else, but the Germans, who were preparing for this conflict five years before a shot was fired, counted confidently upon an early victory.

They came near to winning it. Just over twelve months ago our position seemed desperate.

Had our fighter pilots lost the first Battle of Britain instead of winning it, the Nazis would certainly have invaded us, and, in the opinion of the outside world, we should have been overcome.

In fact, Hitler's Day seemed to have dawned—but the R.A.F. gave us a new to-morrow.

Under the ceaseless night bombing of the past winter, the people of Britain carried on with dauntless resolution. The Home Guard, without equipment, and almost without weapons, grew in numbers, and was at length supplied with fighting gear.

Production in the munition factories steadily increased; not so fast as it might have done, but fast enough to give the Lion bigger and stronger wings.

We raised a new and mighty Army. We saw to the defences of our own shores. We turned Britain into a fortress and, with heavy losses, we still kept the great sea lanes open.

The people of the United States looked on; always with great sympathy, at last with greater wonder. We had the reputation of never knowing when we were beaten, but they were astounded by the way we lived up to it.

For most of them thought we WERE *beaten; that it was only a question of time. At first they did not realise that the R.A.F. had bought new time for us by its gallant sacrifices.*

The passage of the Lend-and-Lease Bill marked the translation of American sympathy into active American help, and the war has entered its third year with the United States committed irrevocably to our cause, and ready to start shooting if the need arise.

Above all, Soviet Russia is engaging the enemy's main strength, inflicting fearful losses upon him, yielding nothing to him but ravaged towns and desolate "scorched earth," matching his cruel fanaticism with deathless valour and sublime self-sacrifice.

So, for the second time in this stupendous struggle between freedom and vile oppression, we have been given a new to-morrow. The Russians have bought it for us with at least a million lives.

And *still* there is no time to be lost!

JOHN BULL is weary of the dismal warnings which public men, both here and in the States, think it necessary to utter almost every week-end.

We know the Nazis are ruthless and immensely strong. We know they are likely to start big-scale air attacks again. We realise that the Battle of the Atlantic is not yet won, and that our gallant Russian allies are hard pressed.

And we are well aware that production is not at maximum here, let alone in the United States. We know all these things, and do not need to be incessantly reminded of them.

For the people of this country have proved their tenacity. They can stand hard knocks as well as, and probably better than, any other people in the world, and so it seems to us that, when the general news is good—as it is good now—they should be able to stand that, too, and still keep their heads and their sense of proportion.

Of course, the Nazis are ruthless. According to Joseph C. Harsch, until recently Berlin correspondent for an American newspaper, the Nazi gang had deliberately planned, after conquering these islands, to starve thousands of us to death, thus moving the United States to capitulate by sheer pity for our fate.

Of course, the Nazi war machine is still formidable, but we have Mr. Churchill's recent assurance that the Germans had sustained more than 1,500,000 casualties in the first twelve weeks of war against Russia, and we know that this appalling wastage of men and guns and tanks and planes is growing heavier with every passing week.

Naturally, the Germans will attempt fresh air raids on Britain, but JOHN BULL refuses to believe that they will ever have enough bombers and crews available to increase the scale of their former attacks.

Furthermore, we hope and believe that our "immensely increased" defences will exact a far heavier toll from the enemy than ever before. If they do not, then some of our responsible authorities ought to be sacked.

Again, though the Battle of the Atlantic is obviously still raging, it is no less obviously going in our favour. We have recently been sinking three times as much enemy tonnage as we and our allies have lost, and now, in addition to our own grand naval and air defences, American warships will be convoying supplies to the edge of Iceland, if not beyond.

As for production, it is small comfort to us to read Mr. John D. Biggers' cautious forecast that the combined efforts of Great Britain and the United States will "out-produce the Axis Powers by mid-1943."

For JOHN BULL believes that by that time we could be—and we ought to be—within sight of total victory.

MUSSOLINI'S African Empire has vanished like a mirage of the desert. In Libya, it is the Germans who are expecting attack, not the British. Syria and Iraq are in our hands. Iran is under Russo-British control, and we have opened up a direct supply route to our friends.

We are personally content to leave strategy to the

—So Make it a Day!

Premier and the chiefs of the fighting services. We ask nothing more of them for the time being than to implement their promise to give Russia maximum help in the minimum possible time.

Meanwhile, the duration of this war must depend largely upon ourselves. Others gave us our to-morrow; we must fill its every moment with victory-making endeavour.

Heavier taxation will hit many of us next month. What of it? The sooner we finish this grim job, the sooner we may hope for more money to spend. The Russians are dying hard. Can we complain if we have to live hard a little longer?

No; this extra burden must challenge us to extra effort. We must save and lend, not less, but more, than we have ever done. It is not enough to make the weapons of war; we must help to pay for them, too.

Men of Britain, now is your chance to hasten victory. Work like the devil. Aim not only at increasing output, but doubling it. Be grudging neither of your money nor your spare time.

Women of Britain, now is your chance to free fit men for service in essential war industries or the fighting forces. If you are called up, answer the call with enthusiasm; if you are not called up yet, then anticipate the summons.

LEST WE FORGET: 2

Goering is lined up this week for restripping. He is even a more dangerous faker than Hitler because he is supposed to have charm

HE HAS A CHILD'S BRAIN

IF every medal which adorns Goering's fat chest were the reward for a real achievement he would, indeed, be an extraordinary, clever, able, efficient man.

He is nothing of the sort!

Some who have met Goering personally fell for this "fascinating gangster," credited him with the creation of the Luftwaffe, with the conduct of the Nazi Four Year Plan.

Goering does not do these things at all. He couldn't, because he is incapable of coherent thinking.

Crack from Goebbels

Even Goebbels in his "Diary" admits this, though he cloaks it in polite words: "An upright soldier with a child's heart," wrote Goebbels—and in private he often added: ". . . and with a child's brain!"

Whenever Goering is faced with an unexpected situation he loses his head.

He has one recipe with which he tries to solve every problem, economic or political, even private troubles. That is force.

It is no accident that Goering is the actual founder, the first chief of the ruthless Gestapo.

A score of brainy German officials are constantly behind Goering, working night and day to prevent him from blundering, to keep up his reputation. They plan, they suggest, they organise.

Goering backs them up—with the Gestapo.

It is characteristic that Goering was unable to earn a living for himself before he took to Nazi politics.

And, paradoxically enough, this repeated failure, his constant need of money, is chiefly responsible for his position in Germany to-day. When the Nazis secured their first election successes Goering was chosen as one of the first Nazi M.P.s because that would guarantee him a steady monthly income.

Corrupt Politician

The rest is the story of a plain racketeer.

Not one who devised ingenious rackets himself. Goering could not do that.

But as an M.P. he saw an opportunity of making extra money, and he engaged a personal business-manager to exploit the financial possibilities of "Goering, M.P."

That man was Koener, now Goering's Under Secretary in the Nazi Ministry of Economics, and it was his idea to take commissions from airplane manufacturers for pushing ahead Nazi rearmament in the air.

In that Goering accepted a cut in the profits of 'plane production and was therefore vitally interested in a vast expansion of the Nazi Air Force, he is indeed the creator of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

But he has done little but pocket the money.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

JOHN W. MORRIS, K.C., Whitewasher of Requisitioning

DEAR SIR,—Some of the most tragic letters I receive are from people who have been dispossessed of their homes, business premises and lands by reason of State requisitioning.

Many have waited for months for the compensation that is their due. Meanwhile, they may have had to find twice as much money—even more—for other accommodation.

But the muddle doesn't end there. I hear of people turned out at a few hours' notice by bumptious, petty mandarins, of seized properties which, quite honestly, need never have been taken at all.

So you can imagine how pleased I was in July when, in response to the flood of complaints reaching him, the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked you, one of our wisest and soundest lawyers, to examine the whole machinery of requisitioning and payments.

Well, you have reported your conclusions. I should prefer to say that you have given the whole system of requisitioning three hearty coats of whitewash *through which the black patches still obtrude.*

Permitting yourself the use of such phrases as "great hardship," "failure of administrative machinery," and "many people hard hit are of limited financial resources," you go out of your way to show that there are other financial sufferers from the war as well—a form of reasoning I dislike.

And you refer to the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939, under which payments are made, as something inexorable and unalterable, instead of something that can be changed in war time in the course of an afternoon.

My report to the Chancellor is: "The facts speak for themselves. We want reforms, not reports."
—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

CHIEF CONSTABLES' ASSOCIATION, Cambridge

DEAR CHIEFS,—Shiploads of foodstuffs have been trodden underfoot in the last few weeks by wanton trespassers, not always children.

County War Agricultural Executive Committees, in despair, have made approaches to the police.

But too often action ends with stationing already overworked uniformed constables in the fields all day—which achieves no more than keeping these destructive pests out of those particular fields.

Why not spare a few plain-clothes men of the Criminal Investigation branch? For if the deliberate ruining of crops is not a crime, what is?—JOHN BULL.

W. S. LIDDALL, M.P., House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—Keep up your fight for a comb-out of Army batmen.

Here's ammunition for you: Most of the men themselves hate spending their days cleaning boots and buttons, want to be something more than male servants.

You should see the letters they write to me. They want chances to get stripes, more money—even commissions. Some feel desperate about their lost opportunities.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR ANDREW,—You might like to send one of your brightest lads along to see Mr. A. Reed, 23, High Road, Chiswick, a JOHN BULL reader.

He will show him where they are putting up "thousands of iron railings, and painting them, alongside a road that cannot be completed until the end of the war."

Somebody seems to have gone mad down Chiswick way. It might be worth while restraining him.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

DEAR CHIEF CATERER,—I am getting letters from a district so glutted with unripe lemons that everyone is buying them.

Every ounce of spare sugar, including the 2 lb. per head issued to save the plum crop, has been used to sweeten them.

Result: All the fruit locally is rotting on the bushes or in the shops, and thousands of lemons will be left on the greengrocers' hands to go mouldy.

May I suggest that you put all the officials responsible for this and other cases of maldistribution on a fish diet? I am told it makes brain.—JOHN BULL.

MEMBERS, Daventry Public Assistance Committee

SIRS,—I will not deny that when the Assistant Master at your local institution robbed an inmate he was, as the Mayor said from the Bench, guilty of a "mean and despicable" act.

But, while on the subject of meanness, you pay that man £85 a year, all found, for a high position in an institution housing from three hundred to four hundred people.

It makes no difference that you give his wife £75 a year for her full-time services.

The pay should fit the job. Can you pretend that it did in the case of that man who threw his own and his wife's job away, and is now suffering imprisonment, through filching shillings?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARGESSON, M.C., M.P., War Minister

DEAR SIR,—A week ago the Army released a private soldier (2s. 6d. a day) because men of his particular qualifications were urgently required in civilian life.

He is now using these qualifications at the War Office as a civilian—at something like £7 a week.

Good for him, of course, but rather hard on other men in the Army who have to employ the same skill at a soldier-tradesman's rate of pay!

And, by the way, we hear of another civilian who has never been in the Army—he is, in fact, exempt—who does what hundreds of soldier-tradesmen have to do, but for £500 a year, with car and chauffeur!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Air Minister

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Your advertisements, which must have cost the public quite a lot, told nineteen-year-olds going for medical examination: "Say R.A.F. We want trained crews and men for vital ground duties."

Yet, when young men said ringingly "R.A.F." at some of the centres your officers present said: "No vacancies."

Who is to be believed?—JOHN BULL

GEOFFREY W. LLOYD, Secretary, Petroleum

DEAR SIR,—Last Spring certain naughty local authorities were using petrol as if it were as plentiful as rainwater.

But certain *good* authorities had cut down consumption to the point at which not an eggcupful was being wasted.

Now your Department is kicking those good authorities well and truly because they can't cut down their Spring consumption like the others!

Just like an Æsop's Fable. But I won't trouble you with the moral.—JOHN BULL.

Salute to the Soil

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

OTHER times, other topics. Once we used to talk about all sorts of things that interested us in times of peace. Golf—the 11th at Sandy Lodge, where I once took an immortal 33. Cricket—how we used to gabble about those Test incidents.

Football—that disputed goal which gave the Rovers victory over the Rangers.

We talked a bit of "shop," boasted extravagantly of our cars, had flutters on the Derby, the Spring Double and the Autumn Double.

Now all those topics of conversation have been more or less shelved until the job of settling Mr. Schickelgruber's hash is over.

* * *

And in the meantime, apart from war, we talk—gardening.

If someone three years ago had told me that last week I would walk into my club bearing openly and unashamed a magnificent cauliflower, I would have thought that someone crazy.

Yet I did carry into the club my cauliflower. I bragged about it and my fellow clubmen were envious of its white, luscious, closely-set curd.

Out of the vast evil of the war has come at least this particle of good—that we have got nearer to the earth and have become more appreciative of the good things that come from the earth.

And when gardening is talked among gardeners it is one of the most fascinating topics of all.

Gardeners, like fishermen, are apt to pull the long bow. All their marrows are the fathers of all marrows. Their runner beans are long enough to support Jack, the Giant killer; and their late-crop potatoes weigh about three to the stone.

I surveyed the other morning with a deep sense of satisfaction the autumn fruits of my labours. Potatoes, sufficient to last the household until the first earlies are dug next year, are safely stored.

Rows of bottled tomatoes gleam in the preserve cupboard—bottled vitamins for dark winter days. Parsnips are still in the soil awaiting the sweetening frosts. Leeks are in sturdy serried ranks, and broccoli and sprouts and savoys give promise of culinary treats to come.

Onions—rare, precious, and most delightful of vegetables — are ripening for the storehouse. And carrots are adding more vitamins for the winter.

I'm one of many thousands who are just discovering the real joys of gardening—that sense of independence of the greengrocer.

When I think of those poor, mauled vegetables that are bumped and jostled by road or rail to Covent Garden, there to languish maybe several days before finding a buyer; and when I think of their sogginess and their appearance, and reflect that I can stroll down my garden and dig or pick my vegetables half an hour before cooking them, then I appreciate the richness of the good earth.

* * *

There are lazy, selfish people who, possessing gardens, do not cultivate them. They like to admire the fruits of others' labours and hint broadly how much they'd like some.

Those people should be deprived of vegetables. I would make it compulsory for every man with a garden, no matter how small, to grow some sort of food. If he refused he should go hungry.

To those who dig for victory and vitamins I offer a prayer: From wireworms and slugs, black fly and grey aphis, onion maggot and caterpillar, mildew and black blight, good Lord, deliver us!

And may all their gardening yarns be true ones!

Waltzing Matilda Goes Into Action!

★ Dawn attack. Tanks lumber forward to engage the enemy. And here is a vivid story of one such encounter from which a Waltzing Matilda emerged victorious—and almost unscathed. It is told by a Troop Commander.

IT is still dark when the four of us clamber into Matilda. I perch up in the turret, one hand ready to hold the microphone through which I give my orders, the other to manipulate the periscope.

Down below, the driver goes in front out of sight, the gunner forward just under my feet, the loader-radio-operator settles down on my right.

We fix our earphones. Orders are given through the inter-com., or they wouldn't be heard above the din.

Woof, woof, woof begins it, as our supporting artillery puts a barrage over our heads to cover us. *Crack, crack, crack*, through our 'phones Jerry's shell-bursts answer back.

Splintering hell is loose in the sky as the first glimmer of dawn creeps over the horizon, and countless gun-flashes shoot up from the still blackish earth.

We know our time for attack—that never goes "on the air."

The moment the time comes I order "Start up!"

A terrific *Bur-up* fills our earphones as our engines roar into motion.

Matilda Heaves Off

"Driver, advance! Ten!" (m.p.h.), I shout through the din, and we're jerked almost out of our places as Matilda heaves off.

I swing my periscope round to keep a weather-eye out for anti-tank ditches, mines, guns, and my gunner weaves his turret backwards and forwards. I direct him to right or left.

Jerry's barrage is now dropping hot around us. *Ssss-f* goes a shell as it whizzes over our heads. Another bursts near, hurling huge dollops of earth all around us. Bits of shrapnel clatter against Matilda's armour.

Through my periscope I see a *stab, stab, stab* of flame from a machine-gun post.

"Gunner, right, 9 o'c.!" I order. "Bess (one of our guns), 500 yards. Maggie (enemy machine-gun). Fire!"

As Maggie is silenced, anti-tank gun stuff begins hitting us . . . *vunk, vunk, vunk.*

"Gunner, left. Ant (anti-tank gun), 400 yards. Bess. Fire!" I yell.

I radio the other tanks of my troop, telling them the way I want them to go to outflank the ant.

Four flashes from a battery just over a crest in front of us flicker in my periscope. Round the crest we go, to get behind them before the crews have time to turn their guns on us, or they'll blow us off the face of the earth.

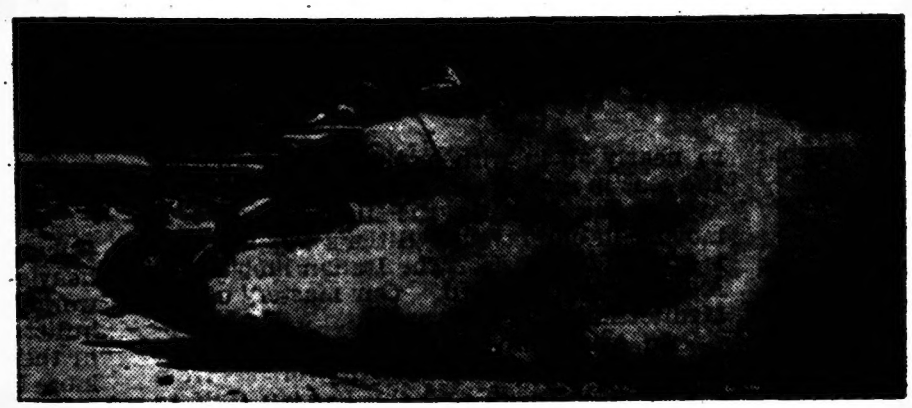
"Hornets!" comes information over the radio from our squadron commander, giving the position of enemy tanks just sighted.

Outflanking Movement

I bellow through my microphone to my troop: "Hornets. Map reference 560. Right, advance!"

We see the squadron commander's tank, with pennant flying; and as he gives us formation order we get round him while he decides what we shall do, as this is dependent on the enemy's own formation. They are advancing along a valley.

Splitting us up, he takes his lot straight at them, sends the rest of us to get round them. From the moment we get the order to attack, we go hell for leather, and as soon as we get a hornet in our sights shoot all the time.



"Driver, advance! Ten!" (m.p.h.), I shout through the din, and we're jerked almost out of our places as Matilda heaves off

A beauty from Matilda begs the first of them. Black smoke pours out, then a livid tongue of flame. Members of the crew jump out, start to run. We machine-gun them. No sissy stuff, with us or them.

One by one the hornets conk out. We win that scrap.

Then back we go to our original rôle of getting through the defence, shooting up more machine-guns and ants, finally shelling a fort.

We give it all we've got. Suddenly they stop answering back. There's stillness. They're arguing, we guess, about whether to give in or not. Then up goes a white flag. They all come pouring out with their hands up. We pass them through our tanks to the infantry.

Sweat runs off us. But not only because it's darned hot in our box of machinery and dynamite. We're hot from sheer excitement, thrilled at having something to shoot at.

Our two-pounder, which knocks spots off Jerry's, shakes us up scarcely at all when fired, though if I had the lid of my turret up the blast would almost blow my head off.

Shell in Transit

Through my periscope I see the flash of flame as we fire, and clearly see the shell as it traverses a very flat, low arc. If an armour-piercer of solid steel, it goes clean through a Jerry tank, and ten to one knocks it phut.

A tiny black spot appears in my periscope, gets larger and larger, and the whine of Junkers engines breaks into my earphones.

"Dive-bomber," I bellow, as I swing my periscope round to look for cover. None is near, but a sharp mound is just on our right. We're there in seconds.

We run Matilda's nose up the slope of the mound, which gives a good angle of fire for our machine-guns. Our two-pounder wouldn't have a chance in a thousand of hitting that whirlwind diver as he hurtles down.

He's seen us now, and is coming dead at us. The roar of his dive crashes into an ear-splitting crescendo, drowning every other sound in our 'phones.

We hold fire to the last second, then a terrific burst from our Maggies. *Crumph, crumph, crumph* go his bombs, but they have to be really big stuff and darned near-misses to worry us.

He's no more chance of a direct hit than we have, and we'd rather be behind our armour-plate than behind his glass windows.

Before he gets round into position to swoop again he's going like fury for home with one of our Army Co-op. fighters on his tail!

Wash-and-Brush-Up

We take Matilda for her wash-and-brush-up, none the worse for the clawing in that action than a few scratches from shrapnel and ant stuff.

She fought in Libya, Greece, Syria, and will fight again. The men and women in the tank factories built a good job in Matilda.

HUMAN MACHINE

Keeping on a Level Keel

● One of the most difficult problems of the present time for the ordinary person is the keeping of his mental ship on a level keel.

At the mercy of every wind of rumour and speculation, we are all of us up against a situation that we must master or allow to master us.

These are abnormal times. It is not surprising that they tend to produce abnormal results.

So though we may recognise the difficulties, let us also recognise that the need for cool heads was never greater.

And it will help us to keep our thinking calm if we realise that over-anxiety is one of the greatest causes of "un-balance."

We're all anxious—of course we are. We all want to know more than we are told. We all think and think, and search and search, for that little bit more news that will be in line with our wishes.

But that is just the trouble.

That is just what over-anxiety does.

What we have to get firmly into our heads is that none of us ordinary people is in a position to interpret the few facts that, from day to day, become available to us. We can only accept them and wait for more.

So let us learn to keep our heads, and let us cultivate still nothing but sound methods of using our brains.

We shall, in the end, be much happier than those foolish people who do the other thing.

HUNTING CLUES TO JOY

SEATED in one of the rooms of a big country house was a woman—alone.

They told her she was wanted on the telephone. She could not imagine why. She rose wearily, feeling there was some mistake.

It could not be about her home. That had been wrecked by a German bomb, and kind people had sent her to occupy one room of this big house.

It could not be about her husband. He had been reported missing in action—and her last hope had almost gone when they gave her a widow's pension.

This day was the anniversary of her wedding—but she could not think of anyone who would ring her.

She picked up the telephone receiver. The Dowager Lady Ampthill was at the other end. That seemed to confirm that the message was not for her.

Then a few words so tremendous in their meaning that she had to have them repeated: "Your husband—he is alive and well, a prisoner with the Germans."

"I heard a little gasp," says Lady Ampthill, "as I revealed a miracle."

* * *

One more story of the many hundreds like it: An elderly widow went home from the memorial service to her soldier son.

She sat down in the house of memories, stunned with a feeling of hopelessness.

A bang at the door that threatened to bring the house down. A telegram forced into her hand by a telegraph boy whose face was bursting with the joy of the news he brought.

"Your son is safe in a camp for prisoners of war," it told her.

Now come to the place from which this Greatest News in the World emanates.

It is a house in Belgrave Square. There Lady Ampthill rules over a busy secretarial staff of the Wounded, Missing and Relatives Branch of the British Red Cross entrusted with the task of tracing the missing.

* * *

Many women go there with tears in their eyes and grief clutching their hearts—and leave to find all the shadows gone from the world.

All photographs from enemy prison camps are filed there—are available for inspection by relatives of the missing.

Many a face has been picked out with a whoop of joy.

But it is not all as easy as that.

Volunteer women detectives spend long and weary days hunting for clues.

Wounded men are visited in hospitals in Britain and questioned about men who must have been at their side.

Wounded men are visited in Germany, too.

"Old Fred?" they say. "Missing? No, he's all right, somewhere. I saw him after I was taken prisoner, marching away in the line and looking quite all right."

Then the German authorities sometimes confuse names—render good old English names like Robinson in absolute gibberish.

Lady Ampthill's department does more than make sense of them. It makes the Greatest News in the World of them.

"We give the joy that cancels out a lot of the tragedy," she says.

You have to see blank despair change to all-surpassing happiness in the face of a woman caller to realise how true that is.

WHAT IS JAPAN'S G

Talk of a Japanese change of heart is just as big a danger as it would be to relax the smallest safeguard against invasion of this country. Her motives are still the same. It is merely her cunning that is new.

By A. G. GARDINER

Prince Konoye's message to President Roosevelt, which opened the "talks," is secret, but it is easy to guess the contents

IT is not surprising that the Chinese Government is watching the "exploratory talks" between Japan and the United States with some concern.

I do not suppose that Chiang Kai-shek fears that President Roosevelt will let China down. The United States has always been a loyal and disinterested friend of China, and nothing is less likely than that the President will choose this time to do her an injury.

But the position is so critical that anxiety in China is natural.

For Japan is in a desperate dilemma and her attempt to reach a rapprochement with the United States and ourselves is a flag of distress. It is an attempt to get immediate relief in the present and to insure herself against the possible failure of Hitler.

In regard to the urgency of her present needs, there is no concealment. Col. Mabuchi, the Army Press spokesman, declared a week or two ago that the economic blockade by the A.B.C.D. Powers was "killing Japan."

And a few days later M. Seigo Nakano, the leader of the Nazi extremists in Japan, said:

Government authorities are telling the nation that a drop of petrol is like a drop of the nation's blood . . . Japan is now bleeding without the means of transfusion, and faces the prospect even of its aeroplanes being forced down in the end.

So much for the present situation. As to the future of the war in the West, Japan is beginning to be afflicted with doubts.

Things are not going too well with Hitler. The lightning war has failed. America is now so nearly all in with us that she is scouring the seas in search of the Nazi pirates.

In the Atlantic the tide of battle is moving in our favour. Hitler's war machine is bogged in Russia. The Italian limb of the Axis is badly battered. Our mastery of the Mediterranean is undisputed.

In Asia Minor, through Syria, Irak and Iran, we have built up a mighty fortress from the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea which links us up with Russia and bars Hitler's march eastward and southward.

The Suez is safe, and Hitler (like Japan) is still shut out from the great oilfields.

IN SHORT, ALL THE CALCULATIONS ON THE STRENGTH OF WHICH JAPAN THREW IN HER LOT WITH THE AXIS LAST YEAR HAVE COME TO GRIEF.

NO SWIFT AND TRIUMPHANT END IS IN VIEW. WHAT IS IN VIEW IS A GRINDING WAR OF RESOURCES. A WAR OF ATTRITION. A LONG WAR.

And Japan cannot face that prospect. Economic experts assert that she is capable of waging an all-out war only for a very limited period.

Hence the two violently conflicting policies that Japan is pursuing.

On the one side, Prince Konoye's peace message to Washington and the "negotiations" now in progress. On the other, the fierce insistence of the Army chiefs, who control the Government, that Japan shall go full steam ahead with the Axis.

"Time is running short," cries M. Nakano, "and unless Great Britain and the United States accept Japan's terms, Japan and Germany will have to blast a way through Singapore and the Persian Gulf to establish contact."

In support of this defiant attitude Japan has seized Indo-China and brought the threat of war to the gates of Singapore and the frontiers of Burma. At the other extremity she is understood to have mobilised formidable new armies in Manchuria to threaten Russia with war on two fronts. This in the interests of Hitler.

WHETHER or not this is bluff to enforce the acceptance of Japan's "demands" we do not know. Nor, assuming that Japan means to fight, do we know whether she will strike north against Russia or south against the U.S.A.

WHAT IS CLEAR IS THAT JAPAN'S FATE IS INEXORABLY BOUND UP WITH THE FATE OF HITLER. IF HITLER WINS JAPAN WINS. IF HITLER LOSES ALL, JAPAN LOSES ALL.

This brings me to the Japanese "demands" and the "exploratory talks" and to the concern which China feels about both. We do not know what the demands are, but we can guess.

They are designed to lift the economic blockade by the British, American and Dutch powers which Col. Mabuchi says is "killing Japan." That blockade, drastically administered, will paralyse Japan inside a year, perhaps inside of six months.

Had it been put into force ten years ago when Japan started the avalanche of gangsterism in Manchuria, there would probably have been no world war to-day. That fatal surrender of law to lawlessness paved the way to all that has happened since.

And of all the victims of that dreadful failure, China has borne, and still bears, the heaviest burden. Never in the history of the world has a crime of such magnitude been inflicted on a defenceless people. And never in the history of the world has there been a more heroic resistance.

THROUGH this awful ordeal, now extending into the fifth year, China has found its soul. Its warring factions have been welded into a mighty nation whose destiny it is, I believe, to be one of the great stabilising pillars of a civilised world.

Through all this agony China has stood alone and suffered alone. What we owe to her may be conceived by reflecting on what would be our position to-day if she had surrendered and Japan had conquered China to the borders of India, as Hitler has conquered Europe.

And the sense of that debt is deepened by the shameful fact that the civilised nations not only left her a prey to the barbarians but supplied those barbarians with

SWAFFER LIFTS

DO WE STILL SPEND TOO MUCH?

● Yes. Much more should be invested, weekly, in War Savings certificates, the purchase of which is the best way to stop inflation.

Yet no one should unduly blame workers who find it hard to save. Most of them have never had a chance to learn.

Now that, in many families, all the members are working, the pooled incomes are higher than they have ever been.

At the same time, there is a shortage of most commodities which normally would be bought—clothes, for instance, cigarettes and tobacco. So the surplus goes on amusement.

One inevitable result of this will be the stupid argument, "Workers are being paid too much," for the stories of waste and extravagance will be exaggerated to the detriment of a whole class.

Some Government restrictions are deliberately imposed to prevent spending.

Not even these can prevent such incidents as one I heard of in Manchester—a man who, when buying two half-crown seats in a cinema, tendered a ten-shilling note and said, "Keep the change."

HOW CAN THEY GET TO U.S.?

● "I'm going, by Clipper, to America."

I hear that phrase, every few days, from the lips of people who seem to possess some mysterious influence.

Why they are going to New York no one seems to know. What good their travelling will do is a profound mystery.

Yet business men who might easily arrange exports of commodities vital to us here find it impossible to get a passage.

Then we are sending too many "officials," too many incompetent "propagandists," too many "experts."

GAME?

he means to massacre her people, burn her ities, and desolate her land.

That infamous chapter is closed or losing. And the barbarians seek to reopen it.

WHAT FOR? SO THAT THEY MAY CONTINUE THEIR DEVASTATION OF CHINA. SO THAT THEY MAY CONSUMMATE THE FOUL CRIME ON WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN ENGAGED SO LONG AND SO UNAVAILINGLY. SO THAT THEY MAY RENDER SERVICE TO THEIR ACCOMPLICE, HITLER, IN HIS WAR ON THE LIBERTIES OF EUROPE AND OF THE WORLD.

It would be an insult to the United States and its great President to suppose that any terms Japan can offer or any "demands" she can make will induce them to betray China and the cause of freedom the world over.

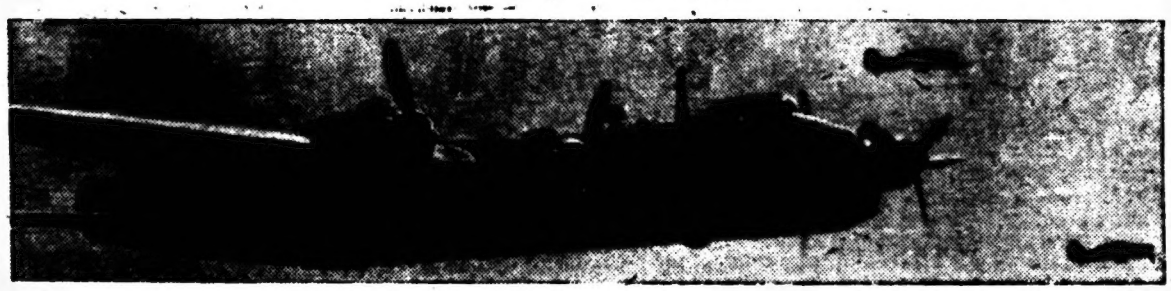
Now that Japan is squealing that the economic blockade is "killing" her is not the moment to relax the stranglehold.

It is the moment to tighten it.

It is the moment to pour into China all the help which, given earlier, would have saved her from martrydom, and which, given now, will enable her to recover her freedom.

Above all, it is the moment to give formal recognition to China as our ally. She was the first to make her stand against aggression. She has done more and suffered more than any other country to stem the tide of barbarism.

And in the day of victory the gratitude and co-operation of four hundred million Chinese will be a priceless asset in giving effect to the Atlantic Charter of World Emancipation.



Hurricanes from various aerodromes gather round the giant Stirlings

That Rendezvous Near Cloud "X"

To the minute — sometimes to the second — our bombers and their fighter escorts have to meet "in the blue" for daring sweeps over the Nazi-occupied continent. This is how it is done.

SAYS the R.A.F. communiqué: "Aircraft of Bomber Command, accompanied by fighter formations, yesterday attacked the town of Blank."

It all sounds so easy.

You can picture bombers and fighters soaring at a signal, a long procession to the town named—and then red havoc as the bombs are dropped on military objectives.

But it isn't *quite* so simple.

Planning a raid is an enormously complicated affair.

To begin with, every isolated raid is but part of the twenty-four-hours-a-day offensive maintained against Hitler's war machine by R.A.F. operations room staffs, working with charts, figures, photographs and weather reports to get pin-point precision.

Sectional Planning

Bomber Command does the first scheming. Then Fighter Command. Next Group Headquarters take on the job. After that, Station Headquarters.

A secret rendezvous is made in the skies for bombers to meet fighters—in itself a masterpiece of precision planning.

And that's only a beginning.

Top speeds of the various craft used may vary by as much as 100 miles an hour, if Fortresses, Stirlings, Halifaxes, Manchesters, Wellingtons, Whitleys, Hampdens, Blenheims, Whirlwinds, Spitfires, Hurricanes and others are to be used.

No matter what your speed, you have to fly into the general scheme of things at the right time—to the split second.

"Fixing a meeting" under such circumstances is a work for the best operational brains—and calls for the use of a network of direct telephones over half the kingdom.

Also, remember, guiding landmarks don't always help machines to a trysting-place thousands of feet over earth and sea.

And meteorological experts have to work through the preceding night—perhaps longer—to ensure that the rendezvous is a cloudless one—reconnaissance aircraft going out to help.

There may be cloud. Possibly it is unavoidable. Then you have to decide whether squadrons are to meet above them or below them.

Alternative meeting-places may have to be arranged, if there is any doubt about conditions.

And always the possibility of collision must be guarded against.

A double rendezvous, outward and homeward, must be arranged when bombers go beyond the range of their escorts—as in the daring daylight onslaught by Blenheims on power-houses near Cologne.

On that occasion Whirlwinds, in action for the first time, escorted the bombers as far as Antwerp.

And on the return of the heavier craft other fighters rendezvous-ed them over the Dutch coast, driving off attacking Messerschmitts and bringing their charges safely home.

They came out of the west in the nick of time to protect one pilot who, for eight minutes, had been warding off a swarm of Me's.

The Fighters' Job

Once outward-bound raiders have met at their rendezvous, the fighters' job is to stick tightly round their bombers, and on no account to be lured away to an uneven dogfight.

Yet when the target is left behind the still bigger and more hazardous task may lie—getting safely home through waylaying craft.

Present continuous hammerings of Germany and objectives in occupied countries have now become a matter of smooth routine planning, built up by trial and correction from experience and accepted as nothing out of the ordinary.

But, behind even a single *extraordinary* attack, lasting a few minutes, there may lie months of intelligence work based on reconnaissance, photography, and carefully acquired knowledge of every conceivable factor involved.

At the opposite extreme are short-warning excursions like the greatest concentrated series of raids yet planned in this war—that on the cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* at Brest and La Pallice, when joint attacks were made hundreds of miles from Britain's shores and nearly 400 miles distant from each other.

Only a few hours' notice was given to the Silent Men to produce and organise that plan.

Even so, they worked into their scheme of things the first appearance of the stratosphere Fortresses—inaudible and invisible from their targets 36,000 feet below.

That is the classic example of swift daylight precision planning, compared with which the Nazis' night blind-bombing *blitzes* of London were crude and simple.

Fooling the Nazis

"Force your way in and fight your way out," says a Squadron Commander to his men. Planners and plotters show them how.

From raid to raid they vary the form of attack.

In some large-scale daylight swoops surprise is achieved by simultaneous pounding of widely separated objectives. Some of the attacks are diversionary; others the real thing.

The aim is to fool the Nazis into not knowing where the bombers will strike in force.

Defending fighters are sent scurrying to and fro as contradictory messages flash between observation posts and aerodromes.

Then the return also has to be carefully planned.

Barring casualties, the bombers should be in formation, and the chief pride of their escorts when in at the kill is to keep them so.

Long-distance raiders are met and protected till friendly skies are reached, and it is safe to split up and leave stragglers behind.

Grimly, Air-Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, C.-in-C. of Bomber Command, says he is all out to destroy the Nazis' heavy industrial heart in the Rhineland and their railways, power plants, synthetic oil works, ports, harbours, canals, road communications.

Within his broad strategy lies all this up-to-the-minute planning and plotting.

If you want to know the general effect of it—see Hamburg!

TS THE LID

I m surprised at the number of high-placed folk who, on the plea that they are doing something or other of international importance, are apparently off on a binge on Broadway or a jaunt to Miami.

I doubt if many of the people who go on bombers wouldn't be better employed in some filling shed.

CAN FORM-FILLING BE CHECKED?

● Every department of human life that now comes into contact with Officialdom has to spend hours in filling up forms. And Officialdom in reply, seems to spend half its time in filling up forms to send back.

A.R.P. work is impeded by it. Municipal administration is more and more strangled by red tape. While soldiers everywhere form threes, business men everywhere fill up forms.

A typical example is forwarded to me by the editor of the *Prison Officers' Magazine*. Because, sending three copies of his journal to Northern Ireland and Eire with a wrong label or something, he received from the Censorship Department pages and pages of printed and typewritten matter. Some informed him that all sorts of magazines with which he had no connection of any sort could not be sent out of the United Kingdom except under special permit!

He was told, too, that no maps could be exported. Well, he wasn't exporting maps, either. So far as I can see, the instructions sent him were incomprehensible. And what happened to him happens to thousands and thousands of others.

The tragedy is that every official who fills up unnecessary forms is impeding, instead of aiding, the war effort, wasting paper, wasting time and wasting money.

WHY DO RUSSIANS SUSPECT THE PRESS?

● The ban on war correspondents reaching the Russian battle-fronts is even more severe than is the case with our armies.

Yet, on the other hand, Moscow headquarters give out more news than is the case in London or at any of the G.H.Qs abroad.

Well, if a correspondent wanted to "see for himself" in Russia, he would have to go a long way, for the battle line extends well over 1,500 miles, and the situation varies everywhere.

Moscow still refuses a visa to Quentin Reynolds. It is particularly suspicious, apparently, of Americans.

One of the difficulties of our present relations with the Soviets is that, officially, we have insulted, or at best, tolerated, them for so long that they are still suspicious of what we really think of them.

SHOULD BRITISH HOLLYWOOD COME HOME?

● Ever since the war started, there has been a grouse here that so many British actors, producers and technicians were in Hollywood.

At the same time, we have heard squeals from "runaways," as some called them, that the British Consul had advised them to stay.

Until recently, my view was that there were so few of them that it did not matter, and that most of the actors, at any rate, were well over military age and, in most cases, had served well in the last war.

To-day, the situation is different. As more and more people are called up, our own film industry is becoming shorter and shorter of essential workers of all kinds, from the highest paid stars to the humblest mechanics.

British pictures, if they are still to be made, need all the workers possible. And some of the best are enjoying themselves in California instead of doing work which, in England, would help the national cause.

STOP CHARITY CHAOS

WHAT! Another flag day?

You must have made this mental exclamation dozens of times since war began. I know I have.

There's a flag day every week in some district or another for something or other. There are so many that we can't help being vague about their territory and objects.

There are so many that you have probably wondered whether the nice young women who hold you to ransom in the street could not be better employed in war factories.

Not that I am opposed to charity as such. Nor is JOHN BULL. Nor, I am sure, are you.

This journal is proud to maintain a charity of its own and to support other charitable funds, though it regrets that charity should be necessary.

But there is so much overlapping in the flag day system that the Government should intervene.

"Can we win the war with a succession of flag days?" Mr. Shinwell asked in the House of Commons the other day.

"Though by law we are nationalised in money, men and materials, the same old cadging goes on."

Many of the twenty flag days held in London alone this year have been to help our invalided fighting men and their dependants.

One man stopped in the street expressed the public view in two sentences:—

"If a man is too unfit to remain in the Services and is turned out to look for a civilian job, why should he depend on charity?

"If a soldier's wife and children cannot live on their allowances, why must she go to a charitable institution for help?"

Even official statistics do not reveal how many charities are now catering for Servicemen, ex-Servicemen, their wives and children.

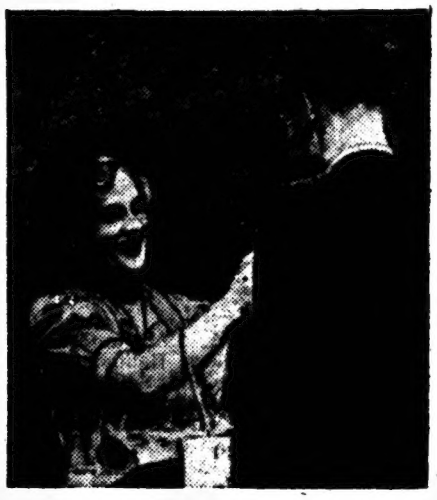
But I know there are more than fifty in London alone. There are three times as many in provincial towns.

And their aims are often almost identical.

That is why I speak of overlapping.

Moreover, many other charities that only partly help Service interests do not have to register.

An official of the War Charities Registration Council admitted to my representative that there was no jurisdiction over them.



Flag sellers, of course, give their services free, but behind many collections there are paid staffs and expenses are high

In addition, there are "Foreign Funds" for Greek, Dutch, Belgian, French and Polish soldiers. They all collect and operate separately!

LATELY, too, there have sprung up "local Civil Defence Comfort Funds," all registered and run independently of one another.

The War Charities Registration Council agree that, though about ten have come into existence in London boroughs during recent months, many more are in the course of formation and will soon be operating.

All these charities, even though many are completely superfluous, have to defray their overhead expenses from the money they obtain from the public by flag days and other means.

Some have staffs far in excess of their needs, and expenses range generally from 10 to 25 per cent.

In some cases 30 and even 42 per cent. have been allocated to the cost of bestowing charity on people whose claims should be met by the State.

The Commissioner of Police in London, and many local councils, are already taking a firm stand on the matter.

One application to hold a flag day for the relief of refugees was turned down. An appeal for Servicemen has also been banned because the society concerned had swallowed nearly half the proceeds of a previous flag day collection in costs.

RECENTLY London hospital committees made an excellent move to counteract the growing public annoyance.

They represented 77 hospitals, which had each held separate flag days in the past, and agreed to hold two and divide the cost and profits between them.

Unfortunately, no such move has been made by most of the "Service" charities, which have already collected over £20,000,000 through voluntary appeals since war's outbreak.

Voluntary women workers who collect year after year are as critical as myself of a system that forces them to beg for others.

They share my view that the families of men in the Forces should not have to rely on charity at all.

But they feel that until the Government provides the remedy they have no alternative but to take part in what Mr. Shinwell so aptly describes as "the same old cadging."

It's up to the Government.

These Shelters Protect Germs

PROSPECT of heavy air raids increases my concern at the shelter scandal. In many parts of the country, shelters are still not only inadequate but a menace to health.

During the long "raid lull," much improvement could, and should, have been made. But though some local authorities have done everything possible, others have nodded and dozed.

At Northfleet, Kent, there are shelters in tunnels that honeycomb vast chalk hills. Perfect as they may be from falling bombs, they are a serious danger to the health of those who seek safety in them.

Appalling Conditions

A member of my staff was appalled at the conditions.

Dozens of bunks were covered with mildew. Dampness was everywhere. Bundles of bedding, kept underground without airing for many weeks, were smothered with grey fungus.

Bed-clothing infested with vermin had been dumped near the entrance to one shelter. No one could explain why it had not been destroyed.

In many districts inspection of shelters by responsible officers has been neither thorough nor regular. In fact, in some danger zones there is no real organisation of shelter-marshals and a sorry lack of discipline.

A member of my staff saw an old woman lying in a bed in a public underground shelter where she had remained for several weeks, night and day, without seeing the daylight.

No One to Hear Her

As she was suffering from rheumatism and nerve trouble, the best place for her would be a hospital. For if she were to be taken ill in the shelter during the day she would cry for help in vain—no one would be there to hear her.

Of course, shelterers themselves are sometimes to blame for disgraceful conditions. "Wanton damage" is the official reason why numerous shelters are locked up except during an alert.

At Derby, this step was taken solely because of "the scandalous way the shelters are being treated and the pilfering that is going on."

Lamp-holders, electric light bulbs, blankets, and even part of the bunks had been stolen.

Similar reports come from Blackpool and many other towns.

But if the Ministry of Health takes firm steps to ensure that inspection by competent officers becomes a rule rather than an exception, faults and dangers will come far more readily to light and can be much more efficiently remedied.

WIZARD MY FOOT!

THAT "both Hitler and Mussolini are under the Death Swing" is the cheery opinion of Mr. John L. Taverner, of Carlton Avenue, Wallington, Surrey.

Grey-haired Mr. Taverner describes himself as a Pendulum Diviner, and if only half his claims could be substantiated, he would be one of the war's most important men.

With the aid of a magnetised glass bead, suspended on a short length of silk, he is not only prepared to foretell the fast approaching doom of the Dictators, but—for half a guinea or so—trace the whereabouts of missing soldiers, sailors and airmen.

His method is simplicity itself.

A relative, after paying his fee, provides Taverner with an article belonging to the missing person. Electric rays then hold the stage.

Lifting his magnetised bead over a map, and swinging it violently over a certain area, he discloses the location of the missing man.

"Give me a tie," says Taverner, "and I will tell you where the owner is even if a thousand miles away."

This Wallington wizard claims to have traced the movements of Thurston, the much-escaped prisoner, from Plymouth to Gloucester, Huddersfield, and other towns.

Strange that he did not pass the information on to Scotland Yard!

Besides tracing missing people and forecasting the doom of the Dictators, Taverner is also willing to test a client's health with the aid of his crystal bead—for a fee, of course.

Anxious relatives seeking information about missing Servicemen will be foolish if they hand their money to him. Facts sought from official sources will prove far more reliable and much less expensive. (*See Page 7.*)

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

You Have Been Warned

YOU'LL only add to your worries if you answer the advertisements of Madame Raphael, Coniston Road, London, N.10.

She invites anyone to send her their business or personal problems together with birth date—and, of course, a postal order for half-a-crown, plus stamp for reply.

For further fees she'll read both "crystals and cards."

She's just an impudent saleswoman of bunkum.

★ ★ ★

AND destroy the circulars of the Langham Chemical Company, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks, whose "Home Eye Treatment Department" offers a six-weeks' treatment for £1 4s.

Pills, lotion or ointment are its main features. But no doctor or qualified optician would dare treat eyesight ailments by post, and no one else should be allowed to try.

★ ★ ★

PESTS are now busily stressing the Government's wartime need for "Waste"—such as "pullovers, socks, jumpers and flannel blankets, no matter how much worn or torn."

Telling children at school-gates to worry their mothers for bundles of such articles, they promise prizes of carpentry outfits, writing compendiums, handbags, and games.

These unauthorised cadgers make a good thing out of this salvage racket for the mere outlay of cheap, trashy gifts.

★ ★ ★

ADVERTISEMENTS now offer "unrationed petrol." People silly enough to send money in advance receive a formula that demands such ingredients as charcoal and methylated spirit.

Not only are most of the formulas unreliable, but a Government official tells me that makers of some of them might be open to prosecution!

★ ★ ★

THE "Opportunity to Earn Money at Home" racketeers are very busy. One of the most persistent, trading now as the Mail Publicity Service, of Clay Street, Penkridge, near Stafford, is E. W. S. Brookes, who has been operating for many years from different addresses.

Ignore his offers!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. L. M. Mayhew, Home Farm, Fatright, Hastings, receives this week's £1 1s. She gave me information that I found very helpful.

My department will look into any case calling for inquiry or editorial comment. Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Voice of the Troops

FROM mothers, wives, sweethearts in all parts of the kingdom they come, the letters of their boys in uniform.

We couldn't give you a letter from a sailor last week.

But now Frank Hoey, of 6, Dixon Street, Salford, enables us to more than make amends.

Frank is twenty-four. He is bringing you your food, the tanks, guns and aeroplanes with which we are going to win this war.

You know what risks Frank is running. But his letter to "Mum and Dad" makes not one word of reference to them:

Well, here is New York. Eight letters waiting for me. As the mate said: "Here you are, Hoey. Take the blarsted lot and sort out which aren't yours."

He asked if I could lend him one to cheer him up!

We are moving into dock now, past the New York ferry.

It is crowded with people waving to us as if we are old friends. They have recognised us as British. The big gun which dominates our after-deck tells them, if nothing else.

If there is anyone who is not proud to be British, he should be with me now.

Mum, what I have seen since I sailed! You told me I should be seeing these wonderful things, and now that it has come true I lack the pen of a Shakespeare or a Goldsmith to tell you about it, providing a record that would allow me to live it and relive it all my life.

Sunrises so wonderful, so beautiful that they made me want to cry. The eerie sky-changes from grey to light-green, from green to golden-yellow, and then to blue. Shafts of sunlight dappling grey clouds with burning gold.

Manhattan, majestic with skyscrapers. The huge Statue of Liberty. And now the warm welcome of New York.

I stand here wishing with all my heart I had someone by my side, someone I understood, to share it all with me.—Frank Hoey, Merchant Service.

★ ★ ★

WASTED MAN-POWER

And now a letter from a young airman as new to the R.A.F.—he is training as a member of an air-crew—as Frank is to the sea:

I thought there was supposed to be a war on? There must be a mistake, because thousands of young men and women have nothing better to do than to sunbathe on the beaches here.

We went to the monster ballroom. We Servicemen couldn't move in it, it was so packed with young people who looked fit enough for fighting or working.

They must be fit to tolerate the intolerable air and overcrowding. Yet they are doing nothing.

You may suggest that they are doing some sort of work of national importance. Tell me, does that include the hundreds of hefty young males and females who are running the seaside amusement places here—even such things as coconut shies?

I don't think it is possible to get a good photograph of myself. I have given up trying.—Aircraftman Solly, a seaside resort "Somewhere in England."

★ ★ ★

MISSING ROOKIES

And just to confirm that you haven't got to be in uniform for years to write a letter that interests, here is one to his parents from a man new to the Army:

They've given me a number, put me in "A" Company, whatever that might mean, and to-morrow I shall be able to tell you what I can't tell you yet—my full address.

Twenty-five fellows were supposed to have turned up with me, but only seven-

teen have arrived. The lance-corporal is using terrible language about the remaining eight.

He has got to stay up till they arrive to give them a welcome and show them their way about.

I can imagine what sort of welcome he will give them if they arrive at 2 a.m.!

About ten of the newcomers are sitting here with me, writing their first Service letters. They seem very decent sorts. I am going to like them

The barrack room is a bungalowish sort of place, with dart-board, coal-bins, two fires, lockers, etc—and of course our beds, which are serving as desks at this moment

By the way, I've got a grim suspicion that those other lads aren't coming at all. The lance-corporal is now referring to them like this: "X!OX!?O."—Ivor Dawson, home address, Forest Gate, E.7.

★ ★ ★

THAT "ROMANTIC" EAST

Now a few "old sweats" are waiting to have their say. One serving in Libya writes to his mother, Mrs. James, of Aylestone, Leicester, expressing a longing to black the eyes of a few composers of romantic music:

Clear out the music cabinet, mother, and throw away every bit of music dealing with golden sands and picturesque sheiks. It may sound all right when you sing it at a church concert, but it just isn't true.

The sand is grey and dirty, and infested with ten million different kinds of livestock of a creepy-crawly nature. Sheiks are scruffy, have no teeth, and smell.

I understand Joe has gone to Persia. And I bet he'll find no romantic Persian gardens with bells jangling all night as in the song "In a Persian Garden." I should say there will be nothing but weeds and garbage.—Private S. E. J., Somewhere in Libya.

★ ★ ★

PREFERS GASOMETERS

The soldier son of Mrs. A. G. Eteson, of Union Road, Liversedge, Yorks, has seen more beautiful sights, but writes to his mother:

India's Taj Mahal may be very beautiful, but at this moment I would prefer to be feasting my eyes on the old gasholder at the back of our house.

To-night is our night for listening to the Services programme from dear old Blighty. It makes us weep, sometimes, but, oh! we are all so proud to be British.

There are two dear old Dutch ladies here. You'd love to hear them talking about Winston (their hero) and Hitler (the villain of the piece). But they have one thing and one thing only to say of the war: "Of *course* we'll win." They say it with the air that, having passed their opinion, it must be so—and it is going to be so, mother.—Lance Corporal D. A. Eteson, Alexandra Barracks, Burma.

★ ★ ★

"GREAT CHAPS, AUSSIES"

From one of the hottest spots in the Middle East comes this letter from an artilleryman to his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. O'Connell, Grangetown, Cardiff, South Wales:

I'm not going to take a single minute of your precious time talking about the war. We have it 25 hours a day here, where we are doing our best to be a large boil on Adolf's tummy.

It's great to be among the Aussies. We can only give them our company and yarns, because we are not rich men, but they go out and get us fags and food as well.

Financial considerations do not matter. They are prepared to pinch things for a pal. Take it from me, we manage to enjoy ourselves at Satan's private seaside resort.

We have been getting everything from the enemy this last few days except his kind regards. What with him and the sand—why, have you heard this story?

They sent us out 50,000 sandbags from Blighty. They arrived empty, but by the time they were unloaded from the ship they were all full of sand.

Excuse pencil, but somebody keeps drinking the ink.—Gunner O'Connell, Somewhere in the Middle East.

★ ★ ★

PENNY-A-POUND GRAPES

From just as hot a place comes a letter to Mrs. E. Rogers, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot, Devon, from her nephew:

You can't imagine what the heat is like. I left some water in a cup, and when I went for it, it was too hot for me to shave with. I sleep under a date tree, with big bunches of fruit hanging round me. But who cares? You get grapes at 1d. a pound—and all sorts of other fruit just as cheap.—Driver J. M. Clode, Middle East Forces.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

More briefly, but only for the time being, "Civvy Street" has its say.

★ ★ ★

Too many youngsters inexperienced in the handling of men are managing pits—don't realise that domineering and hectoring, which may pay in ground-level industries, produce nerves and discontent on "roadways" deep down in the bowels of the earth.—W. C. Wright, 1st Class Certificated Colliery Manager, Walsall, Staffs.

★ ★ ★

We girls of ten can roll bandages, run messages, bundle up clothes for relief, knit, and do a hundred and one jobs—but nobody wants us to play a part in the war effort.—Barbara Cruse, Redlynch, Salisbury, Wilts.

★ ★ ★

Men of Wales, great fighters for centuries, must be appalled at the light-hearted way Welsh women absent themselves from the munition factories, losing the country 364,000 rounds of small ammunition *per shift*.—A. Jones, 27, Bryn Gwyn, Coedpoeth, Wrexham, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

All work in a huge Government ordnance factory was suspended 4½ hours while the workers cleaned up for the arrival of a "big pot," much petrol being wasted to ensure that the transport lorries shone enough to please him.—John B. Ewan, Beatty Place, Dunfermline.

★ ★ ★

Three men out of 1,500 applicants—one a relative of mine—were picked for interview regarding a high R.A.F. post; were all turned down because it proved they hadn't had a "higher education."—W. J. Rundle, Hayman Road, Minehead, Somerset.

★ ★ ★

Friend of mine, soldier in Libya, reports that many Italians taken prisoner are wearing ribbons for the campaign there—awarded in advance!—C. W. M., Braidfauld Gardens, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2.

Punish the people who are prepared to pay any price for food as long as they can get something denied to other people—punish them hard—and you'll put a stop to Black Market racketeering.—Mrs Mary McCarthy, 7, Westmoreland Road, Barnes, S.W.13.

★ ★ ★

Equal pay for equal work is the most miserable form of inequality the mind of man can conceive—unless it goes with family allowances.—P. Burdon, Victoria Road, Leeds, 6.

★ ★ ★

I hope farm labourers get the £3 a week they want—but it will leave railway signalmen more tragically underpaid than ever, for, working six days a week, we get £2 17s. 11d. a week, and for six nights a week we get £3 4s. 5d. Our war bonus consists of a six-day week instead of a seven-day, for the same money.—Signalman, L.M.S., Birmingham.

★ ★ ★

My brother-in-law sent 12 bundles of carrots and 10 lb. of runner beans to Wareham market, where they were auctioned for 9d. At the price my wife pays her greengrocer a few miles away, she would have paid 9s. 6d. for this consignment.—Herbert Woollen, Station Road, Moreton, near Doncaster, Dorset.

Let Us Help You

And now our Free Advice Service stands ready to help you.

Hundreds of thousands of workers are now receiving their first income tax assessments. Let us tell you whether you are receiving your due allowances and reliefs.

With your inquiry send the assessment notice (both notices where assessed half-yearly) and full particulars of family and dependants.

Also, where property is owned, the Schedule "A" (Property) Tax, and any particulars regarding mortgages.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

★

By Hedley Barker

MR. POSKETT'S ODYSSEY

But the "Moldavia" was wide open; she didn't stand a chance

MR. POSKETT blinked. His timid brown eyes dwelt for a moment on his wife's tear-stained face, and moved hastily away. Through the window he could see the little town going about its business, unheeding, uncaring of what might be happening to the Posketts.

It didn't seem right. Mr. Poskett felt that the people outside ought to be stepping less blithely, carrying a more sober look on their faces.

Somebody laughed. An errand-boy passed by whistling. The old tag (thought Mr. Poskett) was right—Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone.

He sighed. His eyes returned to his wife once more, and then to the sheet of paper before him on the table. Mr. Poskett (Hardware and Sports Outfitting) had been doing a bit of figuring.

The last bit.

"Well, Alice," he mumbled, "that's how it stands. This war's killed our pig for us proper. If I take Clarkson's offer for the hardware I can just get out—pay my debts and have about £50 over."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Alice, "that all those sports goods——"

"Dead stock," confessed Mr. Poskett. "Tennis racquets? Cricket bats? It's rifles now, Alice. Bren guns."

She looked at him in horror. "Three hundred pounds' worth! I don't know what possessed you. You must have been crazy to buy all that. It's wicked, that's what it is, downright wicked."

"Well," said Mr. Poskett, lamely, "I wasn't to know they were going to make the blooming place a restricted area. Just getting on my feet, too."

"You've always been getting on your feet," stabbed Alice, "ever since I've known you. You, with all your big talk and grand ideas. Chairman of the Council, indeed!"

Alice gave a contemptuous "Ha!"

Mr. Poskett blushed and winced. He *had* laid it on a bit thick, no mistake. Chairman of the Council, Justice of the Peace, Grand Master at his Masonic Lodge—all the rest of it.

He had promised Alice that he'd have his portrait in oils hung with those of past chairmen in the Town Hall parlour. It had been his cherished dream; more than anything he had ached for in civic honours.

AND the portrait in oils to hang in perpetuity—the mere idea used to make his heart leap. With this to crown his lifelong work he could indeed die a happy man.

"I've done my best, Alice," he muttered.

"And a fine mess you've made of things. What's going to become of me, I'd like to know?"

"I've been thinking about that. You could live on the £50 until I begin to send you money."

"Oh?" Alice shot him a distasteful glance "And where are you off to, all at once?"

In his younger days Mr. Poskett had done one or two trips as a steward in the Silver Star Line. He had still got his discharge papers.

"They're wanting men in the Merchant Service," he pointed out, "all the men they can get hold of. So, if you don't mind, Alice——"

"Mind? Why should I mind? You've never been anything but a disappointment to me." Alice sniffed. "Me telling my mother how you was going to get on, and have your picture painted, and goodness knows what. I'll never be able to hold my head up again, never."

All things considered, Mr. Poskett felt relieved when he had waved Alice out of sight from the train. Feeling much younger than his forty-eight years, he sat down and read a lot of fine, heartening stuff about the heroes who sailed under the Red Duster.

Epic stories of men adrift in open boats; of bombings from the air, explosions under the sea, fierce battles with armed raiders. He felt that at last he was really getting amongst it.

A bit homesick when he got to Liverpool, though, a thought wistful for the hardware. It had been a wrench, parting with the business; all his life-work gone for nothing, his ambitions in the dust.

HE thought of this as he looked into the window of a little hardware store in one of Liverpool's lesser streets. *Bed and Breakfast*, he saw, and popped inside.

Mrs. Shears was a widow, buxom, kindly, with a humorous smile. The hardware established a bond between them. Soon they were talking emery-powder, and saucepans, and brass nails.

"It's too much for me, reely," said Mrs. Shears. "I could do with a man to manage it." She looked at him considering. "Someone like yourself."

She smiled. Mr. Poskett blushed, and explained that he was on his way to meet the perils of the deep.

"Oh," said Mrs. Shears, "in that case I wouldn't think of it. And I shan't charge you for the bed and breakfast."

At 7 o'clock the next morning Mr. Poskett waved good-bye to Mrs. Shears from the steward's porthole as the *Moldavia* backed away from the landing-stage. Soon they were clear of the Mersey, and for the first time in nearly thirty years he felt the heave of live decks under his feet.

The *Moldavia* carried mails; she was a fast turbine ship, far too proud to sail in convoy, and once at sea she got down to the business of steaming.

She stormed down the coast like a racehorse and was soon making short work of the Atlantic rollers at twenty knots. She pitched, and rooted, and tossed. She hoisted her head and waggled her stern.

Mr. Poskett, adjusting himself to these capers like the old hand he was, washed dishes from sunrise till black-out, and got a good deal of quiet satisfaction out of the job.

Much better, this, than selling gardening tools and pints of paraffin. He was doing his bit, keeping the old flag flying, holding the life-line of the Atlantic.

The *Moldavia* was bound for the West Indies. Day followed day without incident. Mr. Poskett was surprised, and rather disappointed. At least he had expected a brush with a U-boat, an exciting interlude with a Heinkel.

His colleagues enlightened him. Safe as houses, the *Moldavia*. Speed, that's what she'd got. A hopeless proposition for a U-boat, zigzagging at twenty knots. As for a Heinkel, it would never get through her barrage.

So Mr. Poskett settled down. Standing on his feet all day, washing dishes. Hundreds and thousands of them. Millions—or so it seemed.

Not a very inspiring job. And soon, as they crossed the Equator, he began to sweat. Horse-work, that's what it was, without the compensation of being in the war.

And then, just after he had turned in one night, the throbbing drum of the turbines fell away, and the *Moldavia* lay rolling to the swell.

Mr. Poskett went on deck. Engine trouble, they told him. And in this moonlight there was danger. Look-outs posted all over the ship, and gun's crews closed up, alert, tense.

But the *Moldavia* was wide open; she didn't stand a chance. A sheet of flame, an enormous crash. Mr. Poskett, flung on his back, saw the deck suddenly erupt in splinters all about him. Dazed, he got up, stupidly considered things.

He is not very clear to this day about what happened afterwards. There was a raft, and the creeping fog, people crying out, an awful explosion as water reached the *Moldavia's* boilers.

A sort of dream, fantastic-like, as Mr. Poskett put it. And in his dream the hands of women beseeched him from the fast-gathering mist.

He helped them all on to his raft. And when it was uncomfortably full, in danger of capsizing, Mr. Poskett heard himself saying: "Well, I guess I'll have to go, folks. Good luck."

Gently, he slipped off, went under, fought his way up, grasped a piece of timber.

"Poskett's the name," he said, "if I don't come through. Jim Poskett."

DESCRIBING the adventure to people later, Mr. Poskett could never remember how he came to be on the island. He just woke up and saw a palm tree blowing in the breeze. There was bread fruit, some berries which he found very nourishing, a tiny spring

Everything except human company.

He took off his shirt, lashed it to a branch, stuck the branch on top of a little hill.

And sat down to wait.

Surprising how long a day could be. He mooned about, staring at the flashing sea. Days passed into weeks. Mr Poskett lost count. He grew a beard. Sometimes he shouted as a relief from the appalling silence. Once he wept when a ship hove in sight and turned away.

Six months on a lonely island is a long time. Mr. Poskett looked a bit wild when they picked him up. But he clung to his beard.

"A kind of souvenir," he explained.

They landed him at Tilbury, and Mr. Poskett, supposing without enthusiasm that he'd better have a look at Alice, took the train for his home town.

Passing by the town hall, he stopped, curious to know why people were crowding through the doors.

"What's on?" he asked.

"Unveiling," said the stranger.

THERE were a lot of people on the platform in the assembly room. Behind them, two Union Jacks covered the wall. Sitting next the chairman was a woman in black. Mr. Poskett stared.

"Well," he muttered. "God bless my soul!"

It was Alice. And now the chairman arose, raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen. We are gathered here to perpetuate the memory of a very gallant gentleman."

Mr. Poskett suddenly sat up straight in his chair. He gaped. Could it be *his* name that the chairman had mentioned? Stupefied, entranced, he listened.

"You all know that deathless story . . . magnificent . . . true spirit of sacrifice . . . steamship *Moldavia*. . . ."

He sat stunned, his heart thumping like a trip-hammer with a roar of applause in his ears as Alice received a slip of paper.

"Much pleasure . . . cheque for £3,500 subscribed by the townspeople."

And then, at a nod from the chairman, Alice stepped back, pulled a cord, the flags fell away, and——

His portrait in oils. Painted, said the chairman, by a very famous Academician from photographs.

There was a lump in Mr. Poskett's throat. He was still weeping when he got outside and took the road for the post office.

It didn't take long to compose the wire.

Shears, it said, *forty-eight Clock Street Liverpool. Arrive eight-thirty.—Poskett.*

Tongues! Tongues! Tongues!

Some people don't talk enough; others talk a lot too much. "A still tongue in a wise head" seems to sum up the advice offered to several readers in this week's article

By HUMANIST

DURING the nineteenth century schoolmasters concerned themselves only with a boy's brain. His physical well-being was not their business.

But early in the present century they discovered the educational importance of the human hand. To-day they are discovering the value of the tongue.

I have always led a sheltered life (*writes a young man*), and my parents never entertained visitors. I made no acquaintances outside school and was naturally of a shy disposition.

Now in my early twenties I have had to leave home to do important war work. Living in rooms has done something to cure my shyness, but I still find conversation difficult.

Can you recommend any book which would help me to master this important social art?

There are such books, of course, but the young man's difficulty is mainly due to inhibitions.

It is not a question of learning the rules. A small child will chatter nineteen to the dozen all day long. He "dries up" when he becomes self-conscious in his early 'teens.

BUT here is another letter which reached me this week:

I should like your opinion on a subject which has perplexed me a good deal lately (*writes an older man*). I am passionately fond of children, but, unfortunately, we have none of our own. Consequently I take a great interest in my three nephews.

My brother's two boys are considered to be very clever. They have won scholarships. They do well in all the school exams. But they are deadly dull company. They seem unable to talk and mix with others.

On the other hand, my sister's boy is not a good scholar at all. He is always near the bottom of the form in school. Yet he is a lively lad with "personality," and is never awkward in company like his clever cousins.

When these boys go out to earn a living I know which of them will be most successful.

Don't you think there is something wrong with educational methods which have such a "drying" effect on those pupils who follow them too conscientiously?

As I have hinted above, the modern educationist does realise the importance of being able to talk well. Hence the amount of time given to debates, free discussions, school drama, and the rest.

In these days of telephones and wireless the value of good speech cannot be over-estimated.

The person who can talk naturally, spontaneously, and convincingly can succeed not only in the business of making a living, but in enjoying life to the full.

The power of the tongue for good or ill is incalculable.

Can you suggest a cure for a biting tongue? (*asks another reader*). I don't mean an unbridled tongue, because the woman I have in mind is not at all loquacious. She saves herself up to hurt friends and acquaintances with biting remarks.

She has sudden impulses to put a drop of vinegar or vitriol in her speech, but she is hurt when older people warn her that she is getting a reputation for being spiteful.

Her problem is really serious. She seems to be the victim of a habit which is more common than many people think.

The argument is that this young woman cannot help being spiteful; in other words, that she cannot control her tongue.

But it is futile to blame the tongue for the mischief. The desire to say biting things comes from within—from her mind and emotions.

There is a streak of cruelty in her nature. She gets some kind of satisfaction from hurting others and seeing them wince.

One can only conclude that there is some unpleasant perversion due to repression.

AND here is another letter about a mischief-making tongue of another kind:

My husband and I went to another town (*writes a woman reader*), and not knowing anybody there I became friendly with a neighbour across the way.

I have since found out that wherever she has lived she has caused trouble and has had to move.

She has told people that I went into her house and went through her sideboard drawers when she was out.

Before my baby was born she said things about me which no decent woman would say about another. She has also said that my husband goes out drinking every night. This is entirely untrue.

All this happened when we were supposed to be friendly. Since I have found her out I refuse to speak to her. But what would you advise about letting people know that her stories are not true?

I think the reader is worrying more than she need. The woman has been found out before and it will happen again. People do not judge solely by hearsay. They always "check up" the stories they hear.

They will find out for themselves that the husband does not go out drinking every night. That lie can easily be nailed, and this will make them doubt the others.

One can always prosecute for slander if it can be proved, but I don't think this mischief-maker is worth the powder and shot. The best plan is to ignore her altogether.

The finest advice I can offer to victims of slander-mongers is a sentence from a Greek philosopher of 2,000 years ago: "*When men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe them.*"

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

AMERICA!

THE Open Stand, the outstretched hand, the Line-Up by our side—that is what we need, because our citizens have died, in every humble street while you, in your Great Friendship's Care, have kept their little children safe whose homes have been laid bare.

THE Open Stand—we need it soon, sooner than you may know. Not that we cannot Win this Fight nor break the World's Grim Foe, but because when last we fought and died so that Right should Live, you openly stood by our side with All You Had to Give.

THE Open Stand, the Great Avowal, the Declaration Clear that America is in the War, that her Mighty Strength is Here. The Peoples of the World await your Initials to their Cause; their eyes are strained to see your guns pointed across your shores, at the Great Iron Might of those who Terror's Reign Control. AMERICA! *We need your Arms,* BUT THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS YOUR SOUL.

J. M.

The power of the tongue for good or ill is incalculable

FRENCHWOMEN TRICK NAZIS

WOMEN throughout France are the chief organisers of resistance against the Nazis and Darlan's Quisling gang.

The *Action Française* Party, once strongly Royalist and thus inclined to favour Fascism against Republicanism, has now completely changed its policy. As a result, it has now more than two and a half million women members—an organised band of Nazi-hafters who hope and work for a British victory.

Directed by the wives of leading anti-Nazis, many of these women have found positions in every branch of Governmental activity, from departmental heads to charwomen. In this way they get word of many Nazi moves and pass on the information to their Party.

Counter-action is planned, principally the sabotage of German plans, and obstruction in the manufacture and transport of French goods and materials to Germany.

100 Test Pilots Die

For instance, after consistent R.A.F. bombings had given German factories a particularly heavy pounding, the Nazi High Command ordered 1,000 planes and several thousand engines to be manufactured in French factories.

Women workers weakened the fabric of the ailerons of many of the first planes produced, while others slipped fine sand into the oil sumps of engines.

When the machines were delivered they caused the deaths of more than 100 Nazi test pilots.

Riots in South-West France, headed by women, are growing more frequent.

Their object is the destruction of goods which are commandeered by the Germans, and they invariably end up with violence outside the quarters of the Nazi "liaison commissions" which are posted in every town throughout Unoccupied France.

Now, gatherings of women are forbidden by Darlan, and the French police have been ordered to use force against their rioters—but seldom do so.

French women working on the land whose husbands are prisoners in Germany, deliberately "go slow" in order to deprive the Nazis of surplus foodstuffs.

The De Gaullist badge was sold all over Paris, even in the streets by women.

The Nazis, thinking it was the latest Parisian novelty, bought it and sent it home to their wives and sweethearts!

Tricolour Trees

Then there is the red, white and blue campaign.

War memorials are decorated with red, white, and blue flowers.

Parisian girls wear tricolour dresses.

One, created by a famous fashion house, is called "France," and consists of a blue skirt, white jacket, and red hat.

Another is a white dress with a red band and blue belt.

Girls who cannot afford 3,000 francs for a model simply wear red straw hats, trimmed with a ribbon half blue and half white.

Trees are also painted red, white, and blue. In one Alsace town every tree along the most popular thoroughfare assumed the national colours.

Red, white, and blue flowers, often in red, white, and blue buckets, are deposited at the foot of hoardings on which the Nazis post up sentences of death.

Though the penalty for tearing a posting from a hoarding is death, many are torn down within twenty-four hours.

Threats are Ignored

Nazi threats to these rebel women are unavailing. One is that unless they stop their campaign no French prisoners under the age of thirty-eight will be released, and thus the continuance of the French nation will be endangered.

Goebbels is now sending German women to propagandise French women—with the result that several of these propagandists have been found murdered.

Letters daily reach Britain showing that French women are taking a leading part in the "V" campaign. When passing the George V Tube station in Paris they make the "V" sign with their fingers.

A woman once before saved France.

Perhaps women will do it again!

BEARDS DISMISSED DAILY with the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d. 1/3 1/10½d. Including Tax

THE LAST LAUGH

MABEL (Luton).—"I'm quite sure I don't look twenty-five." Not now, perhaps, but you probably used to.

D. M. (Goole).—"What makes cigarettes scarce these days?" Smoking them.

W. N. (Manchester). — "The Fuehrer has a private cinema, but it is said that comedy films are never shown." This rules out news reels of the Duce reviewing his troops.

R. L. (Barnstaple).—"I have noticed one thing about the salt American bacon now available." So have we. A feeling of thirst at about 11 a.m.

N. M. (Hammersmith).—"Young soldiers have plenty of fun in barracks." We can imagine the sergeant-major joining in the merry laughter when a recruit has made an apple-pie bed for him.

D. F. (Purley).—"The place was so crowded that I had to sleep on the billiard table and discovered in the morning that the three balls were beneath the blankets." You're lucky. You might have reclined on a snooker set.

F. N. (Yarmouth).—"A small tradesman gets three months for charging a penny too much, but what does a profiteer who amasses thousands get?" Rich.

F. P. (East Coast).—"When an incendiary bomb set my neighbour's house on fire, I dashed in and saved his wireless set." We suppose you hardly realised what you were doing in the excitement of the moment.

E. K. (Wanborough).—"When I mentioned in a recent article that it was much better to rise from the table still hungry, I received scores of letters from readers." Asking for your meat coupons?

F. N. V. (Castleton).—"I was walking with my rich teetotal uncle when he suddenly said he had decided to disinherit me." Your dog had dashed ahead and confidently entered the saloon bar of the local?

G. D. (Stirling).—"I enclose my latest novel, which is frank and fearless. One reviewer said it was a powerful tonic." It certainly left a nasty taste in the mouth.

P. K. (Knaresborough).—"My friend married the young girl, though I must admit I only thought he was flirting with her." Perhaps he did, too.

G. M. (Histon).—"You wouldn't find me hiding in a dug-out if the Germans invaded this country." Still, we'd have a better chance of doing so if you called out "Cuckoo" once or twice.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Blimey! When they scorched the earth you was standin' a bit too close, wasn't yer?"

S. B. C. (Edgware).—"Goering has been treated like a naughty boy and made to stand in a corner." Frankly, we don't believe the fat Field-Marshal *could* stand in a corner!

B. A. (Faversham). — "We're getting married shortly, and when we go away to the hotel for our honeymoon we don't want the other guests to know we are newly married. How can we disguise the fact when we arrive?" The best suggestion is that you should let your wife carry the bags.

BILL J. (London, E.).—"I stopped at a bargain sale to-day, but I didn't see anything that looked cheap." What, weren't there any men waiting for their wives?

S. Y. (King's Langley).—"Few of us have the courage to point out our own mistakes." That shows how brave our neighbours are.

H. K. (Nuneaton).—"The German people have now been forbidden to drink beer while listening to the Nazi broadcasts of war news." Well, they can't be expected to swallow too much at once.

K. M. (Aberdeen).—"We haven't heard much of Hitler's battleships lately. I wonder what he's doing with them." Probably having them refitted with zip bottoms so as to make them easier to scuttle.

J. J. (Hoxton).—"It is no use saying Hitler didn't stop some of us working last year. He did, and I'm one." Window cleaner?

Side-Slips

BLACKPOOL GAZETTE:—"'My son was on EMBROCATION leave at the time.'"

THE MONTROSE REVIEW:—"As Chairman of the District Council he appealed to them all to rally round the Provost of Montrose and do everything they could to make this War Weapons WEEP a huge success."

SHARPS ARE DOING THEIR BEST . . .

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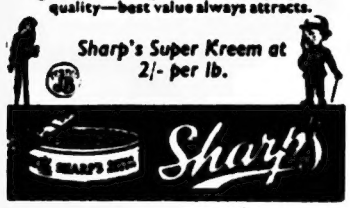
Sharp's Super Kreem at 2/- per lb.



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Donations to our Fund are not subjected to deductions, all administration expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

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We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

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Example: Russia
Bullet: Salute—And "Present Arms"!

£20: G. Clark, White Moss, T.S.O., Manchester. Example: Believe We Yield. Bullet: A Yard, A Graveyard!

£10: E. Hurst, Flat 6, Collingwood House, Clarton, North Shields. Example: Nazi Propaganda. Bullet: "Ace"—Black-hearted, Club-footed "Kisser."

£5: P. Knighton, 23, Wellfield Rd., Preston. Believe We Retire—World's "Fire" Carefully "Extinguished."

£4: R. Studley Shiels, 1, Trafalgar Villas, S.E.15. Breaking Through — Every "Bottleneck," "Tank" Somewhere.

£3: E. Buckner, 2, Rookery Cottages, Horsebridge, Hastings. Could "Lose Britain"? In.

£2: L/Cpl. H. Mackey, R.A.M.C., 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton. Roll Out The Tanks And—"Hold Tommy Up" Identity!

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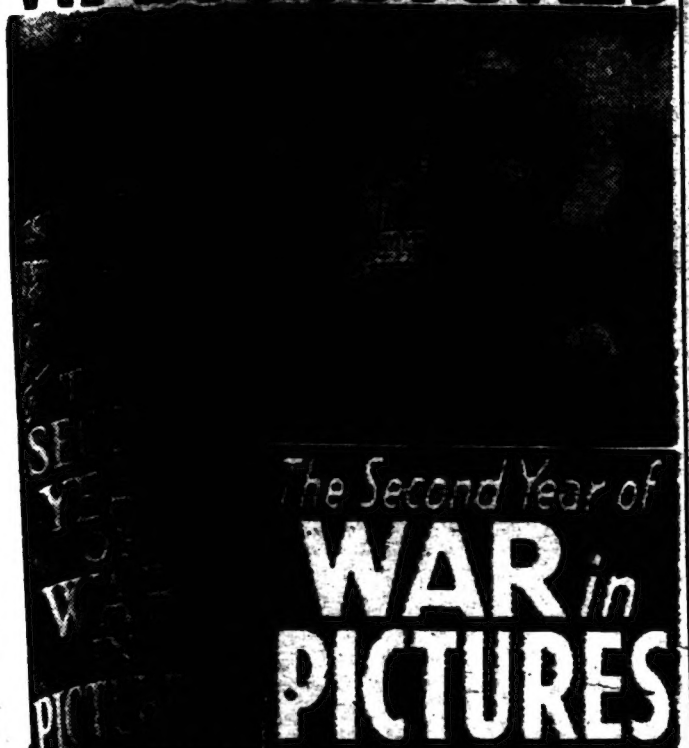

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Five fine blends

Whatever style of tobacco you prefer Player's "Digger" can give you a grand smoke. It is supplied in five fine blends — Flake, Mixture, Shag, Plug and Honeydew. If you enjoy a full-strength tobacco you will not regret choosing any of these varieties of a tobacco which lasts well in the pipe, and is satisfying in every way

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG
MIXTURE · PLUG
HONEYDEW

1'3½ Per Oz.

P.P.90

Not with the blind eye, please

Let's face the facts squarely —especially FOOD facts

Ask yourself these 5 questions

Do you ever try to get more than your ration? Or accept more if offered? If so you are taking food which the country is counting on. Don't believe that a little doesn't matter, or that "the extra" will be wasted if you don't take it. Many littles make a lot, and faults in distribution cannot be found and corrected if they are covered up by cheating the ration.

* * *

Do you ever shop-crawl? That is, go from shop to shop trying to buy a little here and a little there of some food which is scarce. This means that you are depriving people who have not the same money as yourself of their fair share.

* * *

Do you ever pay more than control prices, or pay unlawfully high prices for foods that are not price controlled? Again you deprive others, not so well off as yourself. Further, you encourage shopkeepers to buy at fancy prices from speculators; black markets and food gangsters are the result.

* * *

Do you ever waste food of any description? A bread crust, an outside cabbage leaf, little bits of left-over, seem small in themselves. Multiplied by the entire population — 46,000,000 — they amount to many thousands of tons of wasted food.

Waste of food involves waste of the nation's resources in money and in shipping space, for much of the waste has to be made good by importation. Worse, it may involve waste of someone's lives.

* * *

Do you neglect to produce all the food you can or to preserve [illegible] *there are plentiful?* This is another form of waste and it too plays Hitler's game.

* * *

Food is part of the fight — Food must be conserved as [illegible] is conserved in a bombarded city.

FOOD FACTS

No. 19

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

but

'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

You may be ready for lunch—but your hands aren't until you've washed them with Family Health Soap. The skin under your nails is a happy hunting ground for the germs in dirt, and that's why that before-meals scrubbing with Family Health is so essential. Its antiseptic lather minimises the danger of infection.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

REST *An injured person should never be disturbed unnecessarily. Keep the patient warm, and as quiet as possible.*

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Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 8½d., 1/3. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L.498

THE PASSWORD TO WINTER BRIGHTER TEETH

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